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THE LEGEND OF BLUSH-ROSES.

BY BEATRICE CHOVE.

Little Love was running wild
In a garden of roses,
When some white ones he espied,
Like snow green earth encloses.

"But color they need," said he,
"For oh! they are far too pale!"
And kneeling down beside them
He told them a whisp'ring tale.

Then all rosy did they blush,
So love's story supposes;
The blush it still doth linger—
That's why they're called Blush-roses.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE next few days passed in a rapid whirl of gaiety and excitement. Partly to deaden thought, and partly because solitude seemed unbearable to her, Bell plunged eagerly into the gaieties of London life; and Dorcas, who seemed daily to grow older and graver, and who looked miserably ill, wondered at the wild spirits the girl displayed.

Perhaps she guessed how forced they were, perhaps she guessed what thoughts peopled the solitude of her young mistress's room at night, perhaps she knew the degradation and humiliation and shame which made Bell's life so hateful to her just then, although she held to her purpose with a desperate tenacity which never flagged for a moment.

One gleam of sunshine alone brightened the gloom of those days to Miss Hamilton, although the misery and unrest of her faithful friend and servant were increased thereby.

Alick Holt did not leave London; he was kept there by the serious illness of his mother, who, always somewhat of an invalid, had broken down completely under the pressure of the grief she could not but feel at the thought of her only son's expatriation. And Alick had stayed, as miserable, as restless as the girl he loved, yet chained to the spot by the prayer in his mother's dim eyes, the clasp of her feeble fingers.

His presence in London, even although his visits at the stately house in Park Lane had ceased, kept Mrs. Fane's fears alive; nay, the very cessation of his visits increased their violence.

All Bell's assurances that he knew nothing, whatever his suspicions were—that even if Mason had lived she never would have betrayed their secret, but that her death happening so soon after Mrs. Hamilton's confined their secret entirely to themselves; that no proofs were attainable; that it was impossible, unless she herself betrayed the truth, that it should become known—all this availed nothing.

Dorcas lived in constant, ceaseless terror; her mind remained in a condition of unreasoning alarm, which Bell found it impossible to quiet. A dreadful distrust of all around her possessed her; her health threatened to fail under her mental misery.

She shut herself in her own room, pleading illness, and remaining obstinately silent to everyone except Bell herself, and to the pretty yellow-haired girl, Grace Digby, who, in her devoted attention to Dorcas, seemed anxious to show her gratitude for the kindness she herself had received.

She was a pretty, well-educated girl, with a timid, yielding manner which seemed pitiful in one who had to fight the battle of life alone and unaided. She had graceful, pretty little ways, spoke softly and moved noiselessly. She was a born nurse, poor Dorcas said sometimes when Bell, coming into her room in the brief intervals of leisure her engagements allowed her, found her bathing her nurse's throbbing head and burning hands, and looking so fair, and gentle, and kind.

"You will stay with us always," Bell said abruptly to her one day. "Mr. Clark is always saying I need a chaperon. I think a companion will be quite as useful, and you will be my companion, Grace."

"Oh, Miss Hamilton, how good you are!" the girl said passionately. "You know nothing of me, and——"

"I know enough to trust you," Bell interrupted gently; and if Miss Digby's blue eyes sank and her cheeks flushed a little, it was probably because her gratitude moved her.

And then a store of pretty gowns, and hats, and dainty *chaussures*, and all the many little details of a young lady's toilet were ordered for Miss Digby, and some of Bell's visitors were charmed with the pretty yellow-haired companion who looked younger than Bell herself.

But, notwithstanding her new duties, Miss Digby had plenty of leisure, and the greater part of it she spent with Mrs. Fane, who had given up her duties as housekeeper, and whose health did not improve, although she could scarcely be called an invalid.

Miss Digby's kindness to her excited Dorcas's warmest gratitude; the girl's manner, the pretty blue eyes, which reminded her of her beautiful dead mistress, all attracted her; and Bell, coming in from a ball in the early morning hours, and stealing softly into Mrs. Fane's room to see how she was, found her companion in her white wrapper sitting beside the bed, looking fresh and unwearied notwithstanding the night vigil.

"Surely this is not necessary, dear!" Bell said softly, as she stood, a radiant figure in white ball dress, beside the bed and looked down at the worn and sunken face upon the pillows. "She seems to be sleeping quietly; she has not been worse to-night, has she?"

"Oh, no; but she was restless, and I read her to sleep. Have you had a pleasant evening, dear Miss Hamilton? Of course, you were the belle?—you must have been!" Grace whispered eagerly. "May I come to your room and help you to undress? Dorcas does not want me any longer, and you are so considerate in not letting your maid sit up."

"Then, am I to be inconsiderate and let you do so?" Bell said, smiling.

"Oh, I shall be so glad if you will let me come and help you!" she answered with pretty eagerness. "Please, dear Miss Hamilton? I am not a bit tired."

"Come then, dear," Bell said gently; "you spoil us both, Dorcas and me. It was a happy day for us when our sunbeam came into the house."

"Oh, how pleasant to hear you say that," Grace said softly, looking up at her with shining eyes, not shrinking away from the kind hand which had showered benefits upon her, and which she longed to wound.

As they went softly towards the door, a sound from the bed made Bell turn with a little start. Dorcas lay motionless, her eyes were closed, but her thin hand lay outside the white coverlet.

"Did she speak?" Bell asked tremulously. "Does she talk in her sleep, Grace?"

"Oh, no, Miss Hamilton, never," Grace Digby answered hastily—"never. She did not speak then, she only moaned."

She opened the door noiselessly and then stood aside for Bell to pass out, then followed, closing it after her. Bell's rooms were on the lower floor. The girls went down-stairs softly, and the blue eyes of the elder, keen and searching for all their gentleness, were not slow to detect the anxiety in Bell's beautiful, clouded face.

She chatted brightly in her gentle, girlish voice, as she assisted Bell to remove the white tulle dress, which had been, perhaps, the simplest at the ball to which she had been, but which had charmed everyone by its fairy elegance; and Miss Hamilton gave a little sigh of relief when she loosened the rich masses of brown hair, with its golden gleams here and there, that fell around her like a veil.

"My head aches," she said wearily. "I don't like balls, Gracie; do you?"

"I never went to one in all my life," Grace answered, smiling. "I never have been even to a party, Miss Hamilton, except, of course, the breaking-up parties at school."

"Poor little girl! Would you like to go to one?" Bell said gently. "You must have had a sorrowful life, dear."

"I did not mind so long as I had plenty of work," Grace answered, brushing out the long, rich locks with skilful gentleness. "But when my health failed, and I lost my situation——"

"Did they send you away because your health failed you, poor child?" Miss Hamilton said gently. "How cruel! Who was your employer, Gracie?"

"Oh, I had no claim upon them," the girl answered hurriedly. "Of course I was obliged to go when I could no longer do my work. Everyone is not so true, and good, and generous as you are, Miss Hamilton," she added; then, seeing that Bell's lips curled a little, as if the flattery displeased her, she continued hurriedly: "My life was almost happy until I lost my situation, and tried so vainly to obtain work. Oh, Miss Hamilton, you cannot even imagine all a solitary girl has to suffer when she has to fight the battle of life alone and unassisted!"

"I know how a girl can suffer," Bell said gently. "There are sorrows as hard to bear as poverty, Grace."

"There cannot be!" Grace said vehemently, "Great trials one can meet, but not the little every day miseries which are so wearing. Oh, it is terrible to waken in the morning and not know whether, when night comes on, you will have a roof over your head!"

"My poor Gracie, yes!" Bell said, gently drawing the girl down to a stool by her chair. "Do not think of it. You shall not know that misery again! I can, at least, spare you that, even if——"

She paused abruptly; in the silence that ensued Grace drew Bell's little hand down and touched it with her lips.

"How good you are!" she said faintly. "Your kindness overpowers me, dear Miss Hamilton."

"Good!" Bell echoed, with a little bitter laugh. "No, I am not good, Grace. The only friend I have in the world would not say I am good!"

"Would he not?" Grace whispered, again touching Bell's hand with her lips.

"He!" Bell echoed scornfully. "You mistake, Grace. Dorcas is my only friend!"

"Mrs. Fane?" Grace repeated, lifting her great innocent blue eyes to Bell's face. "Ah, but perhaps you do not call lovers friends!" she added, so simply that the swift, angry flush which had risen to Bell's face faded away.

"I have no lover," she said coldly, drawing away her hand.

"No lover! You!" echoed Grace, with a little incredulous laugh. "Oh, Miss Hamilton!"

"It is quite true, Gracie. I have no lover, and I shall never marry," Bell answered coldly.

"Poor Mr. Holt!" Grace said, with sudden daring, and at the words she felt Bell's slight form shiver from head to foot.

The next minute Miss Hamilton had drawn herself up haughtily.

"You forget yourself," she said coldly.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said penitently. "I ought not to have said that. Of course, Mr. Holt is only a lawyer; he could not dare to——"

"Mr. Holt is worthy of——" Bell began passionately, then suddenly her voice failed her; she rose from her chair, drawing her soft white wrapper around her. "It is very late—or, rather, early," she said after a minute's silence, during which Grace, although her face was hidden in her hands, had watched her covertly through her slender fingers. "Thank you for your help, Grace; I will not keep you from your rest any longer. Good-night!"

Grace rose sorrowfully, and with slow, lingering movements went towards the door; her face was full of penitence and sorrow, tears stood thickly in her eyes. If her penitence and sorrow were not sincere, they were most admirably feigned.

When she reached the door she paused, hesitated, then ran back and fell on her knees beside Miss Hamilton.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said; "I would not offend you for the world. I ought not to have said that; but I heard someone saying that—— oh, forgive me! I am so unhappy at having offended you."

She sobbed violently as she spoke, hiding her face in the folds of Bell's wrapper.

All Bell's anger vanished in her self-reproach at having spoken harshly to a girl so dependent upon her, who could not resent her anger; she bent and raised the trembling little figure, which was quite shaken by its stormy emotion.

Verily Miss Digby had missed her vocation, and the stage had lost an ornament!

"I am not offended, you foolish child," Bell said gently. "You hurt me a little because I honor Mr. Holt as a true gentleman and a faithful friend, and I dislike gossip of any kind. Stop crying, and go to bed, or we shall have you ill to-morrow, and what will poor Dorcas do without her kind little nurse?"

Miss Digby's sobs were not so easily subdued, indeed, they were so violent that when they ceased they left her quite exhausted and fain.

Bell, more penitent than ever at the wound she had inflicted on her sensitive little companion, whose health was still so evidently far from strong, supported her tenderly to a chair, and bathed her white brow with eau-de-cologne, and soothed her with gentle words.

And Grace submitted with faint little apologies for giving her so much trouble, and for her own weakness, which was so admirably acted that Bell never suspected that she was not sincere; and when she had quite recovered, dismissed her with a kiss which, if Grace had had any conscience, would have burned her cheek like a hot iron.

"Shall I go with you to your room?" Miss Hamilton asked gently. "Are you really quite recovered?"

"Oh, yes, quite. Have you indeed forgiven me, Miss Hamilton?" pleaded the pretty pale girl, with her blue eyes raised to Bell's face without a shadow of compunction in their depths. "I cannot forgive myself for having vexed you," she added earnestly, "because you have a headache and are tired, and you look——"

She paused, and her eyelids drooped over the pretty blue eyes.

"How do I look?" Bell asked smiling. "As if I had been bored?"

"No; as if—as if you had something un-

pleasant to do which made you feel angry with yourself," Grace said timidly. "Of course it is absurd to think so, is it not? As if Miss Hamilton could be anything but happy and feted and honored! As if she need do anything she did not like, or of which she felt ashamed!"

She had lifted her eyelids—slightly reddened still by her recent agitation—as she spoke, and she saw the change on Miss Hamilton's face; then with a softly-murmured "Good-night," she went quietly away, moving with the languor and slowness which her late faintness caused; but as soon as she was outside of Bell's door, and had closed it securely after her, and had waited a moment or two to see whether Miss Hamilton would follow her, these disappeared.

She ran noiselessly up the broad, carpeted staircase and along the passage which led to Mrs. Fane's room; entered it with equal precaution, and closed the door after her. Dorcas was still sleeping, but her slumbers seemed restless and disturbed, and a few incoherent words passed her lips now and again. Almost breathlessly Grace Digby bent over the bed trying to catch the muttered sentences.

For fully a quarter of an hour she waited there—noiseless, intent, eager, scarcely breathing lest its sound should disturb the light slumbers of the woman she watched, but her attention was unrewarded; she had begun to weary, to feel the effects of her sleeplessness and of the fatigue of her interview with Bell, and she was about to leave the room, when the low, muttered sounds began again. She glided back to the bed, holding her breath as she bent over the sleeping woman.

"There's no sin in it," Dorcas was muttering, while the drops of perspiration stood thickly on her forehead. "He deserves it: Mason is right, Miss Bell. And"—the words were more clearly spoken now—"who will ever know that the woman who is buried is not the woman who signed?—no one will ever know."

Silence followed. Motionless, intent, breathless, eager, Grace waited; on the pale face of the sleeping woman, the expression of suffering and anguish had deepened; she moved restlessly on the pillows as she spoke again.

"It's not sin. She wished it. No one will ever know. I'll do it, Miss Bell—I'll do it. I will sign the will."

As the last words escaped her lips, her eyes opened, and she stared wildly around her; for a moment Grace Digby hesitated as to whether she would show herself, then she bent over Dorcas with a little smile. The poor woman was trembling from head to foot, she shook like a person suddenly attacked with ague.

"Have you had bad dreams, Dorcas?" Grace said gently. "I just came in to see if you were sleeping. I hope I did not disturb you. What is it? Are you ill?"

Dorcas was looking at her wildly, gasping heavily for breth. As Grace raised her gently, she caught at the young girl's arm with her bony hands.

"I have been dreaming," she muttered; "oh, Miss Grace, such a terrible dream."

Her sunken eyes went to the girl's face with sudden suspicion; Grace was tenderly wiping the moisture from her forehead, and looked calm and sweet as usual.

"Did I speak in my sleep, Miss Digby?" she said huskily. "Did you hear me say anything since you came in?"

"No, nothing—not a word," Grace said promptly; "you were sleeping nicely. I hope I did not disturb you? I hope I did not startle you."

"Oh, no—oh, no. I am glad I awoke. Such dreams are terrible."

Grace, supporting her head on her arm, watched her keenly with veiled scrutiny. She was ghastly pale, her eyes looked wild, her face wore the panic-stricken look of one who has seen something dreadful. Her whole frame trembled even now, though the nervous terror was fading gradually, and she was slowly recovering her self-control.

"Can I get you anything?" Grace asked gently, as she put the poor woman's aching head back on the pillows. "Do you feel ill, Dorcas?"

"No, thank you kindly, Miss Grace. I need nothing," she answered, more calmly. "You—you are sure I was not speaking in my sleep?" she added.

"Quite sure. Shall I stay with you, or has your terror subsided? You are not afraid of being alone?"

"Oh, no—oh, no; why should I be? It was only a dream. Thank you, Miss Grace, for your goodness to me. Heaven bless you for it!"

She caught the girl's small white hand in her clay-cold, shaking fingers, and drew it to her lips.

"How cold you are this warm night!" Grace said compassionately. "I am sure you are ill, Dorcas. You should see a doctor."

"A doctor!" Mrs. Fane repeated. "I've never had a doctor, and I am not going to start taking physic now."

She burst into a sudden fit of laughter, that dreadful, hysterical laughter which is on the brink of tears.

"Everybody has bad dreams occasionally, Miss Digby!" she said, controlling herself. "Don't mind me, my dear young lady! I was reading ghost stories last night and that upset me. Good-night, and thank you!"

"Good-night," Miss Digby said kindly, as she left the room, closing the door after her, and going towards her own apartments with a strange look in her blue eyes; and then suddenly she paused, and gliding back noiselessly, pushed open the door—which she had only closed, not shut—a little bit, and peeped through the crevice which gave her a glimpse of Mrs. Fane's room and its unhappy occupant, who was sitting up in bed and rocking herself to and fro like one suffering great mental distress or physical pain; her sunken eyes stared wildly before her; her bony hands were clasped. Grace Digby gazed at her for a moment, then, noiselessly reclosing the door, crept softly away and locked herself in her own room.

"I watched to some purpose to-night," she said, as she stood in the pale light of the early summer day. "Dreams, however terrible, do not make one suffer when one is wide awake! The 'woman who was buried did not sign,'" she added thoughtfully, as she threw herself upon her bed. "'No sin—I will sign the will.' The mystery thickens, and yet—and yet I think I can see a glimmer of light in the darkness, and not such a little glimmer either!"

CHAPTER XXI.

SO to-day is the great day! To-day *she* will be here; not the impossible she, pictured in dreams of fantasie; but the real, live 'she' who has not only deprived the deserving young artist of a fortune, but of his heart also!"

"Don't be a fool, Leclerc! I'm not a bit in love with her. She is so far out of my reach that it would be madness, of course; and even she herself would suppose I wanted her money."

"Not she, *mon cher*. No woman never really imagines that a man is marrying her for her money."

"I suppose Miss Bradley thinks you are not marrying her for her quarter of a million?" Geoffrey Hamilton said rather angrily.

"If she does, she is vastly mistaken," laughed the painter, who was seated at his easel at the other end of the studio, about which Hamilton was walking in restless excitement. "Of course, it would not do to say so, but I will confess to you, my dear hot-headed youngster, that if Miss Bradley were not—as apricots should be: *bien dorée*, I should never have thought of making her Mrs. Leclerc.

"Do you suppose I don't know that?" said Hamilton contemptuously. "You're honest enough to me, Fulton."

"I don't disguise my weakness from such a *fidus Achates* as you," replied Fulton Leclerc laughing. "It would be of no use. We've seen the best and worst of each other for the last five years, Geoff!"

"We've been pretty good friends on the whole," said Geoffrey Hamilton, whose was looking flush, excited, eager, and handsome in his loose velvet coat as he paced up and down the studio. "I only regret one thing, Leclerc, and that is that you do not care about that poor little woman."

"Who, Cecilia Bradley?" the artist asked, lifting his eyebrows. "Oh, I like her well enough. She's such a harmless little soul, as insipid as bread and butter? Still if the young heiress is as beautiful as you say she is, it is not too late! I may be tempted to give poor Cecilia the mitten, as our Yankee friends say."

"And break her heart!"

"My dear unsophisticated Geoffrey. If five years of London life and my society have not persuaded you that most women have no hearts, my time has been wasted and your case is hopeless!"

It was very pleasant in the great lofty studio which the young men occupied; cool and pleasant, and shaded from the hot sun by a great striped blind which spread all over the balcony without; the elm trees in King's Walk were in full leaf, the river glided by beneath the windows, making a soothing sound, the barges floated by on its broad, calm bosom, the noisy bustle of the city reached them, faintly softened by the distance. All their brother artists envied Fulton Leclerc and Geoffrey Hamilton the quaint old stone house by the river which they occupied, and no wonder that they did so.

The studio was a long room, reaching from front to back of the old house, and with a capital cross-light which made it admirably adapted for their purpose. It had an oaken floor and oak wainscoting, dark with age, and it was furnished artistically and in perfect taste.

One or two eastern rugs were thrown on the oaken floor; old plates and dishes were hung above the carved wainscoting; bits of old armor and antique weapons caught the stray gleams of sunshine; the curtains and *portieres* were of some rich-hued eastern stuff, which fell in soft, rich folds; plants in quaint pots stood here and there; a lay figure, curiously draped, stood in one corner, a piano in a recess near the window.

Geoffrey's easel was pushed aside out of the way, but his friend's occupied its usual station at the inner end of the studio, and he was painting steadily, and apparently free from the excitement which made Hamilton so restless. He was a handsome, fair man, older than Geoffrey, with an unmistakable air of good-breeding and high birth about him.

"You have not described this fair demoiselle to me, Geoff," he said presently, continuing his work. "Is she fair or dark? Forgive my ignorance and remember that I have been abroad for the last six weeks, during which time this new star has dawned upon the astonished firmament of London society, otherwise I should probably have seen her."

"I don't think I can describe her," Geoffrey said ruefully. "She is unlike everybody else! I have seen women as pretty, nay, prettier, but never one so charming."

"Fair, of course?—you only rave about blondes and *les yeux bleus!*"

"No, she is dark; but you'll soon see her now, Leclerc, and you can judge for yourself. Lady Saxby said they would come early, because she had another engagement before dinner."

"Strawberries—cream—roses!" said Leclerc, leaving his painting and sauntering over to the little table near the piano. "You have been extravagant, my dear Geoff. Marshal Neil roses are luxuries in London! Why did you not tell me? I'll go shares, nevertheless. Is that the carriage? Yes, the Saxby liveries, and three women inside! Did you expect three, Geoff?"

"Miss Hamilton's companion, Miss Digby!" Geoffrey Hamilton said, flushing as he hastened down to meet them, and presently Mr. Leclerc heard the soft rustle of silken skirts on the wide old oak stairs, and the murmur of soft voices and laughter, and then Geoffrey entered and held back the heavy *portiere* while the three ladies entered.

"Ah, Mr. Leclerc," Lady Saxby said, as he advanced, bowing and looking handsome and picturesque in his velvet coat; "so you have returned. I heard you were in Norway."

"So I was," he replied, smiling; "I came back on Tuesday, in time, I am glad to think, to have the pleasure of adding my welcome to Hamilton's."

"If our engagement had dated further back than yesterday, you would have said that you had returned on purpose," replied her ladyship—a pretty, dark-eyed woman, still young enough to be a very attractive and dangerous flirt—"and we should have believed you, of course. Bell, dear, do you know Mr. Leclerc? Let me introduce him to you. Mr. Leclerc, Miss Hamilton; Mr. Leclerc, Miss Digby. Oh, what a delightful old room!"

She seemed to scatter her light words about like scented water, as she moved to the window which opened on to the balcony.

Bell, with a slight bow to Mr. Leclerc, had turned to Geoffrey, and was speaking to him in her pretty, low voice, which had lost all its girlish brightness. Mr. Leclerc's eyes followed her with a curious expression, both puzzling and admiring; he had never seen her before, he thought, yet how curiously familiar her face seemed, and how beautiful she was!

As he removed his eyes slowly and reluctantly from her, they met a pair of pretty blue eyes looking at him rather inquisitively, and he saw that the owner of the said pretty blue eyes was a very pretty girl, daintily attired in a dress of soft blue silk, which just matched her eyes, and that she wore a very becoming little bonnet, composed entirely of forget-me-nots.

"Where will you sit?" Fulton said, with that graceful deference which is so pleasing to womankind. "Near the window? Let me get you a chair, and make you comfortable."

"Thank you," Miss Digby said demurely, "you are very kind. What a charming room this is! And what a lovely view! I think if I lived here I should become quite an artist myself."

"Perhaps you are one already?" Leclerc said, smiling at her pretty raptures.

"Oh, no! Although I have been tempted to wish I were one, since I knew Miss Hamilton."

Mr. Leclerc's eyes followed the direction of hers. Bell was sitting in a great straight-backed oak chair, upholstered in tawny velvet considerably faded and changed by the passage of years into a faint yellowish hue, which made the most perfect background for the girl in her white gown and large, heavily-plumed, black Rubens' hat.

She looked beautiful and stately, as she sat looking up at Geoffrey, who was talking to her animatedly; and Fulton Leclerc's keen scrutiny saw the faint shadow of repugnance in her eyes which was imperceptible to his friend. At that moment, too, he lost the shadowy familiarity which had made him think he had seen Miss Hamilton before, and her face seemed quite strange to him.

"What a beautiful creature!" he said to himself. "As beautiful as—ah! now I know why I thought I had seen her before. She is something like——"

"You think her beautiful?" said Grace Digby's soft voice, breaking in on his unspoken thought.

"Who could fail to do so?" he answered, smiling. "Hamilton may well look radiant. It is not every artist, or every R. A. indeed, who is honored by the visit of so much loveliness on one afternoon. He—and I—will be inspired."

"Do you paint portraits also?" Miss Digby said, smiling.

"No, only landscapes hitherto. Although," emphasizing his words by the bold look of admiration which he fixed upon her, "I do not know whether I shall not attempt the 'human face divine' after to-day."

Meanwhile Lady Saxby was moving around, criticising, admiring chatting in her bright voice, with the freedom of handsome young matron who is an old friend of the host's. Bell, too, was looking about her with eager, interested eyes. The studio was so quaint and artistic, it charmed her; she lost thought of herself for a moment, as she admired the quaint old china, the lovely hues of the old Venetian brocades, the Pompeian jugs, so slender and graceful, the ancient scimitars and daggers. The windows leading on to the balcony were wide open, the river rolled by: it was all so peaceful, so pretty that for a few brief minutes, the poor storm-tossed, unhappy girl felt as if she was the Mabel Stanley of two years ago, the Mabel Stanley who had a sister Pauline living at the White House at Dingle.

"I suppose you have brought home heaps of sketches from Norway?" said Lady Saxby looking about her with her *pince-nez*. "You must let us see them. You have a very good picture in the Academy this year: by-the-by, what was it? You called it a 'landscape' simply. You are always modest."

"True merit is always modest," Leclerc said laughing. "It was a bit of some Devonian woods which I admired! Do you know Devonshire, Miss Hamilton?"

Bell's momentary forgetfulness vanished.

"Yes," she said quietly, lifting her eyes to his for a moment.

"It is a lovely country; the fairest in England, I think. Hamilton and I had a walking tour in the south of England two years ago; we enjoyed it very——is the room too hot for you, Miss Hamilton?"

He broke off anxiously to ask the question. Hamilton was showing a fanciful bit of Dresden china to Lady Saxby, and did not notice Bell's sudden pallor, but Grace Digby, as usual closely watching her through her long golden lashes, remarked it at once and made a mental note.

"The secret is connected with Devonshire!" she said to herself.

"Oh, no," Bell said smiling. "The room is not at all too warm. It is delightful. May I see some of your sketches, Mr. Leclerc?"

"Will you not have some tea first?" he said gently. "Your drive has tired you, I fear; you look so pale now."

"I am often pale," she answered carelessly. "Grace, you would like to see the sketches, would you not?"

"Immensely," Miss Digby said enthusiastically. "If Mr. Leclerc would be so good as to have a little private exhibition for our benefit."

"No sketches until after we have had some tea!" Lady Saxby announced gaily, as she moved towards the table with a soft silken draperies. "What exquisite china! I had no idea you were a collector, Geoffrey."

"Nor am I," laughed Mr. Hamilton.

"The china is Leclerc's; he's a perfect maniac on china. Don't move, Miss Hamilton, please," the young artist went on eagerly; "I will bring your cup to you, and that arm-chair is so much in harmony with you, that it looks to me the most perfect background we could have for your portrait."

"That is the worst of painters," Lady Saxby said good humoredly, as she sat down at the table and began pouring water into tea-pot from a quaint little brass kettle which stood over a spirit lamp; "they always look upon one from an artistic point of view. Bell does look perfect in that chair, certainly, but she would be far more comfortable with a table at hand for her strawberries."

"Oh, she shall have a table," Geoffrey said eagerly, looking about him, while Leclerc, who was less excited and more self-possessed, brought to the side of Bell's chair a quaint little inlaid Moorish table. "That's right, Leclerc," he went on, but there was a slight tinge of chagrin on his face.

"It would indeed have been a pity to disturb the picture," Leclerc said softly, as he put down the table near Miss Hamilton's chair; "it is so seldom one sees such a beautiful one."

Miss Digby's lip curled a little as she saw the absorbed infatuation of both the young men.

"I think Mr. Leclerc's happy thought ought to be rewarded by the privilege of bringing Miss Hamilton her tea," Grace said quietly, from the low chair where she was sitting, overlooked for the moment.

"How charming of you!" Fulton said, smiling at her. "But I think I must be content to play second fiddle to-day," he added. "Miss Hamilton's presence here is due to Geoffrey, not to me. Allow me to bring you your cup."

He sauntered over to the table, careless, graceful, and, to all appearance, absorbed in his anxiety that Miss Digby's tea should have its due proportion of cream and sugar; in reality, however, he was keeping a close watch upon Bell and upon his friend, and he wondered a little as he looked at them.

He again remarked the slight shadow of dislike in the girl's beautiful eyes, and he noticed, also, an almost imperceptible shrinking away in her manner. The smiles she gave Geoffrey were evidently forced; it seemed to Leclerc that she was obliged to make an effort over herself when she spoke to him, or suffered any little attention at his hands. It puzzled his friend a good deal.

"She is civil to him because she disinherited him," he thought; "but does not like him, not one whit! What is the meaning of it all? What a lovely creature she is! How strangely familiar her face is again now, as she smiles. I must have seen a picture of her somewhere! I fancied for a moment she was like—— I wonder if she——"

"I quite envy your studio," Lady Saxby was saying enthusiastically. "What a perfect drawing-room it would make, would it not, Bell? Don't you wish there was a river in Park Lane? Is not this charming?"

"Very charming," Bell said languidly. "And there is nothing wanting—flowers, tea, sunshine, all are here. Even a piano. You play, of course?"

"I? Oh, no," Geoffrey Hamilton replied, with his boyish blush. "Leclerc is the musical member of the firm."

"But"—Bell's languid voice was a little cold and constrained—"you sing, I am sure?"

The young man shook his fair head with a rueful laugh.

"Not a note," he said. "I wish I could."

Bell sat up in her big chair. She looked a little eager now, there was a breathless tone in her voice as she went on:

"But you used to sing, sure? I—I think I heard somewhere that you could sing," she persisted eagerly.

"No," he replied, looking a little surprised. "I never could sing a note in my life, not even a comic song, Miss Hamilton. Fulton sings very well indeed," he added, wondering if she were disappointed that she received his denial in silence. "He must sing to us presently."

Bell was silent for a short spell; she was recalling her sister's dying moments. Surely he sung?—Pauline had said so. He had been singing "My Queen" when he met her first; she had said it was prophetic!

With a sudden, little, restless movement she left her chair and began to move around the room; Geoffrey followed her. He was more than ever under the spell of her beauty, he could not take his eyes off the lovely pale face. Half compassionately, Fulton Leclerc's eyes followed them; a slight contemptuous smile curled his lip for a moment.

"Can't the fellow see she detests him?" he thought to himself. "She dislikes him so much that it is disagreeable to her to be near him. I wonder—I wonder why she came here to-day?"

"Give us some music, Mr. Leclerc," Lady Saxby said leaving the tea table. "It is an age since I heard you. Miss Digby and I feel neglected, do we not? Our host only sees and hears one person."

"But Mr. Leclerc is our host, too," Grace Digby said prettily. "So he is bound to contribute to our enjoyment, is he not?"

"And if my music will do so, I will be charmed," Mr. Leclerc said smiling, but he went to the piano with some reluctance; he could not follow the movements of that slight, girlish figure in its clinging white gown while he played.

"What shall I play, miladi?" he asked, as he opened the piano, and seated himself, and ran his fingers lightly over the keys with the ease of a cultured musician.

"Nay, you are the best judge," Lady Saxby answered graciously, leaning back in her low chair near the window, and fanning herself with a dainty little ivory fan she had taken from a side table, a little carved gem more for ornament than use.

"Have you any choice, Miss Digby?" the young man asked, turning around on his music stool, but still keeping his hands upon the keys.

As he did so he saw that Bell was standing at the other end of the studio, in the shadow caused by the arrangement of curtains and shutters with which the light of the room could be altered at will. Her face was turned to the piano with rather a startled look upon it; her hands were loosely clasped before her. Although he had spoken to Miss Digby, Fulton Leclerc could not help his eyes lingering on the lovely statuesque figure standing in the gloom.

"Have you any choice?" he repeated mechanically.

"I?" Miss Digby said, in spite of her vexation at the admiration which Bell excited so entirely without effort. "I? Oh, no; how should I have?"

And then he began to play some strange, sweet melody, which only so finished a musician could do justice to. As the rich soft strains rose and fell, Bell sank down on a low chair near which she had been standing; she was too fond of music, too thoroughly a musician to listen unmoved: for the time she forgot everything in her absorbed delight.

Geoffrey Hamilton, who had seated himself on a stool at her feet, looked at her in entranced admiration. How beautiful she looked with the varying expression upon her face, as the music stirred her to pleasure or pain. He almost hated Fulton Leclerc at that moment for being able to move her thus! He did not know how much deeper cause he had to hate him.

The music rose and fell, filling the room with melody, passionate, pathetic, triumph outside, the river rolled by in golden sunshine, the fragrance of Marshal Niel roses filled the room. Afterwards Bell remembered all these things, wondering vaguely in her suffering why she had no premonition of the agony in store for her, no warning of the terrible truth she was so soon to learn.

A long sigh escaped her as the last, soft, rich notes died away, a sigh of regret and relief mingled. Flushed and triumphant at his success, for he had seen the entranced attention with which Bell listened, the musician hesitated a moment, then with a few soft chords, began to sing.

What! was he singing? Not that!—not that!

Bell half started from her seat, then sank back again; as the rich tenor voice rose, it seemed to her that the studio, with its oak panelling, and quaint furniture, and old china, faded away, to give place to a pretty home-like old room into which the early light of the new-born summer day came softly.

In one of the windows of that room she could see a group of three persons, of which she herself was one and Dorcas was another; and the pale light fell gently on the lovely, upturned face of the girl they were supporting in their arms, a face which was beautiful, even with the hue of death upon it, and the damps of death gathered on her brow. And the dying lips were murmuring the words which were ringing through the studio. Ah, how vividly she saw that long-past scene, how clearly she heard her sister's voice!

And meanwhile, unconscious of her pain, Fulton Leclerc sang.

The last sweet notes died away; a few quickly-played chords followed. Bell, white as death, sat motionless. For the moment she was quite unconscious of her surroundings; a terrible fear had arisen in her heart,—a fear so wild, that she felt it must be groundless, and yet she could not reject it. It was forcing itself upon her, beating itself into her brain with a persistency she could not resist. Oh! it was impossible—it could not be!

Mr. Leclerc arose from the piano, himself a little pale and moved. Perhaps the song he had sung so sweetly had sorrowful or tender reminiscences for him; perhaps he was touched as well as pleased by the effect his music had on one of his audience whom he wished most to charm.

"You have improved, Mr. Leclerc," said Lady Saxby, smiling. "You always sang well, but now you sing excellently well."

"My audience inspired me," the painter said, with a smiling bow.

"Oh, of course," she answered laughing. "But a larger audience would inspire you more; therefore I think you have mistaken your vocation. You ought to have adopted music, not painting, for a profession."

"Ought I? Miss Hamilton, you sing, I am sure. Will you not favor us? Have I pleased you?" he added, lowering his voice as he bent towards her.

His voice roused Bell; she looked up at him vacantly for a moment, almost as if she did not recognise him, then recovering herself, she said quickly:

"You play and sing too well for an ordinary amateur like myself to succeed you at the piano, Mr. Leclerc. Besides, I never play or sing now. Thank you greatly for the pleasure you have given us. May we see your sketches now?" she added, rising and coming slowly towards the other ladies who were sitting near the piano.

"If Mr. Leclerc's sketching equals his music, we shall have an artistic treat," said Grace Digby, in her sweet, low voice.

"Thanks, awfully, for so pretty a speech," Fulton Leclerc said, smiling and bowing, as he went to the other end of the room and brought back two large portfolios, one of which he placed before Lady Saxby. "You will find some more Devonshire sketches in that portfolio, Lady Saxby," he continued; "Miss Digby, too, knows Devonshire, probably.

And having provided for their amusement, he carried the other portfolio to the little Moorish table.

"May I show you these, Miss Hamilton?" he asked. "Will you take your old place, and let me play showman? Hamilton, come and help me, will you?"

Through her long yellow lashes, Grace Digby watched them. Apparently absorbed in her contemplation of the sketches and answering Lady Saxby's remarks, she lost nothing of the movements of the other three occupants of the studio.

She saw that Bell, very pale and with a strange look in her eyes, had resumed her old seat, that Mr. Leclerc had taken a little three-legged stool and sat at her right, almost at her feet, holding the sketch-book. Geoffrey Hamilton, standing at her left side, held the other cover of the sketching portfolio, and Bell herself, rather mechanically, as it seemed to the watching blue eyes, turned over its contents slowly, lingering sometimes over some of the sketches and speaking once or twice in answer to Fulton's own laughing criticisms in a low tone. Hamilton himself was dividing his attention between the sketches and his beautiful guest, and he was most silent.

"I believe they have forgotten we are here," Lady Saxby whispered, laughing. "What an infatuated pair of artists!"

"Yes, are they not?" answered Grace, smiling.

But she resented the neglect as keenly as a pretty and jealous woman can resent neglect of which a prettier woman is the cause, and feeling the strange dislike to the girl who had befriended her increase with every moment, until the time was close at hand when, from jealous dislike, it would become hatred.

There was a subdued stillness reigning in the studio, broken only by an occasional low spoken remark, when Geoffrey exclaimed suddenly, with intense admiration in his voice:

"What a lovely face, Leclerc! Is it a fancy picture?"

Miss Digby looked up eagerly. Bell was holding the sketch, and the eyes of all three were fixed upon it. Something in the girl's face kept Grace Digby's eyes fixed upon her, she even was too absorbed in her contemplation to feign attention to the sketches before herself and Lady Saxby.

"That?" Fulton Leclerc said carelessly; "oh, no; it is not a fancy picture, it's a portrait of a Devonian beauty whose acquaintance I made a couple of years ago; and this," placing another sketch before Bell's dim and failing eyes, "is the house in which she lived."

"I am afraid Miss Hamilton is ill!" said Grace hurriedly, but in a low tone, as she rose.

Fulton Leclerc glanced up; a sudden, subdued exclamation escaped his pale lips as he rose to his feet; the sketch-book fell with a crash upon the oaken floor. Lying back against the high-backed chair, her face upturned against its faded, tawny velvet, her long dark lashes lying upon her death-like cheek, Bell had fainted away!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FATHER (trying to read the paper): "What was that great racket in the hall just now?" Mother: "One of the children fell down the stairs." Father (irascibly): "Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall downstairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE FIRST ROUNDHEAD.—The Puritans (or the more fanatic portion of them) cut their hair very short, in accordance with their own interpretation of the sacred text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair." It is said that Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I., when she saw the famous Pym thus cropped, inquired who that round-headed man was. From this time the distinction became general, and the party to which Pym belonged were called Roundheads.

THE SWALLOW.—According to a Scandinavian legend, the swallow hovered over the Cross on which the Redeemer was hanging, singing "Svale! svale!" (cheer up! cheer up!) and hence it received the name of "svale," or swallow—"the bird of consolation." Another superstitious belief, associated with their migratory habits, is that swallows go to distant lands in search of a certain wondrous stone, "seeking with eager eyes the wondrous stone which the swallow brings from the shores of the sea, to restore the sight of its fledgelings." Weather-wise people will say, if the swallows fly high, "fine weather;" but if they fly low, "rain to come."

A MAN OF NERVE.—A Connecticut man tells the story of a dastardly exhibition of nerve by a professional sneak thief: "One day he walked quietly into a bank, took off his hat and coat, hung them on a nail, took an office coat that hung there, and walked into the rear room which contained the vaults. The directors were holding a meeting, and one of them sat in the front of a door blocking the passage. The thief politely asked him to move, and when the obliging director did so the man went through the door, picked up two of the largest bags of gold in sight, coolly walked out with them, and the thief and gold were seen no more there."

THE LEEK.—Amongst the traditions found current in Wales as to the origin of the leek as the national flower, or rather vegetable, of that country, was one to the effect that once during a fierce conflict with the Saxons, Saint David ordered his own countrymen to place leeks in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies. The base Saxonach says that, "The Welsh in olden days were so infested by Ourang-outangs that they could obtain no peace, day or night, and not being themselves able to extirpate them, they invited the English to assist, who came; but through mistake, killed several of the Welsh, so that in order to distinguish the men from the monkeys, the English desired the men to stick a leek in their hats." Howell, the Welsh antiquarian, is responsible for this libel on his countrymen.

BEATING THE BOUNDS.—This is a popular expression in England for those periodical surveys of perambulations by which the ancient boundary of parishes are preserved. The procedure, according to common custom, is in this wise: On Ascension Day, the clergymen of the parish, with the parochial officers and other parishioners, followed by the boys of the parish school, headed by their master, go in procession to the different parish boundaries, which boundaries the boys strike with peeled willow-wands that they bear in their hands, and hence the expression beating the bounds. According to old authorities, the beating was not confined to the above performance of the boys with their willow-wands; but where it was desired to preserve evidence of particular boundaries, the singular expedient was used of whipping the boys themselves on the spot, or one of them, who received a stated fee for the permitted castigation out of the parish funds—it being though that the impression made on the memory of the whipped boy was calculated to have a beneficial effect on his evidence.

WE ARE UNFAITHFUL.

BY RITA.

If man could rule, his love of change would mar
The purple dignity that wraps the hills;
Pluck out from the blue sky some perfect star,
And set it elsewhere, as his fancy wills;

For, mark! Last year I loved the violet best,
And tied her tender colors in my hair;
To-day I wear on my inconstant breast
A crimson rose, and count her just as fair.

We are unfaithful. Only God is true
To hold secure the landmarks of the past;
To paint year after year the harebell blue
And in the same sweet mould its shape to cast.

Oh, steadfast Nature, let us learn of thee!
Thou canst create a new flower at thy will,
And yet, through all the years canst faithful be
To the sweet pattern of a daffodil.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED)

HE returned almost immediately, and between them they forced a little of the spirit within Mrs. Scarlett's pallid lips.

It seemed to revive her, and presently she opened her eyes and gazed without intelligence around her.

She sighed faintly; memory seemed to come back to her in a flash, and, as it did so, her glance fell on Wriothesley, who was bending solicitously over her.

"You!" she said.

"I hope you are feeling better now," said he kindly; but she was still somewhat dazed by her late attack, and did not seem to hear him.

"You!" she said again, in a low curious tone, with a smile that Marvel had never seen upon her lips before; and yet, soft though it was and suggestive of unbounded tenderness, there was more of gratified vanity, of exulting triumph in it than honest affection. She raised her hand feebly and held it out to him.

He grew very red, but of course he had to take it.

"Lady Wriothesley is here, and is very anxious about you," he said, as collectedly as he could, though he knew the very fact of his warning her of Marvel's presence would be rather damnatory in his wife's eyes.

Marvel came forward quickly, a rather indignant light in her eyes.

She came close up to where Mrs. Scarlett lay, so that she could see her distinctly.

"I am glad you are better," she said coldly. "Do you think you will still require the chloral, or——"

Mrs. Scarlett started violently when first she spoke, and then grew suddenly quiescent, after one long look at her.

"I had forgotten about it," she murmured feebly.

She made an effort to raise, but Marvel entreated her to be still.

"Your maid is away, you are still weak," she said; "I beg you will make this room your own for the night."

"Oh, no, thank you!" said Mrs. Scarlett, now rising with determination to a sitting posture. "I have already given you far too much trouble. I"—she laughed faintly—"I don't know what happened to me; but I felt curiously unstrung all the evening, and I suppose the climax came as I entered your room."

She had studiously avoided glancing at Marvel ever since that first look, and now, as she rose very slowly and with evident difficulty to her feet, and as Marvel put out her hand to help her, she shrank from her touch with a visible shudder.

"Good-night. I thank you very much," she said, with a striving after graciousness that proved a failure.

She took no notice of Wriothesley, who was deeply grateful for the rudeness, and moved towards the door in a dull heavy fashion.

"I really think you are not well enough to remain by yourself," said Marvel hastily, deep compassion awakening in her gentle breast. "As your maid is absent, will you permit me to sit with you, at all events, until you are asleep?"

"You quite crush me with kindness," said Mrs. Scarlett, with a rather bitter intonation; "but no!"

"Then may I wake one of the servants and send her to——"

"I require no one, thank you"—curtly. "Good night. Pray do not make yourself so very unhappy about me!"

She took the candlestick that Marvel put into her hand, still without looking at her, and then went out of the room and up the corridor to her own apartment.

Marvel stood looking after her, oppressed always by a vague sense of uneasiness, until she saw her cross her own threshold, when, with a little sigh, she turned inwards again and closed her door.

Wriothesley, still without his coat or waistcoat, stood on the hearthrug, his hands clasped behind his back.

* * * * * *

"Well," said he, "I call that about the coolest thing that I ever saw! The next time she is going to have one of her fits or her faints, or whatever it was, I hope she will choose somebody else's room for her stage."

Marvel said nothing—she felt a little angry.

She could not forget the assured way in which Mrs. Scarlett had held out her hand to him, and her subtle smile also lingered in her memory.

It was all very fine for him to appear disgusted with her now; but there had been a time when—— Yet in her soul she was glad because of his slighting tone.

He was watching her attentively, and, as she seated herself upon an ottoman, he noticed the languor that seemed to fill all her limbs.

"She has frightened you," he said.

"It was a little shock; and I am afraid she is really very ill—she looked so pale."

"Not paler than you are. Why on earth aren't you in bed at this hour of the night? Do you know what o'clock it is?"

"No."

"Half-past two—a most ridiculous hour for you to be up!"

"I might say that to you," said she, with a faint smile.

"Eh? Oh, I was smoking and—er—reading! But you!"

She made him no answer, but sat silent, twirling her wedding-ring round and round her finger.

"What a fire you have too, enough to freeze one to look at it!"

He stirred it for her as well as he could, and, after a considerable amount of noise and dust, made it burn up brightly. She sat quiet all the time, and was indeed so white and still that he grew uneasy.

"You are looking awfully ill," he said at last, going over to her and laying his hand upon her shoulder. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she answered, with a heavy sigh.

She got up, as if to escape from his hand, and moved languidly to the toilet-table, where she stood pushing idly to and fro the bottle and caskets and pots with which it was littered.

She looked so unlike herself that he was really anxious about her, and followed her to the table, determined to accept no repulse.

"Tell me what you were doing during all these long hours," he said.

"Thinking," replied she briefly.

"Thinking!"

He repeated her word with rather undue force; a dark red mounted to his brows.

"Of Savage?" he asked involuntarily.

He was horrified when the question passed his lips; but it was too late then to look for anything but the way in which she would receive it.

That was with the utmost indifference. Evidently she had not understood the real meaning of it.

"Oh, no!" she said.

"Of what then?" persisted he.

"Of the past—the old dead days—of Lady Mary, and of——"

She had averted her face, and now her eyes fell upon the locket she had dropped upon the table, and, with a little quick sighing breath, she laid her hand upon it as if to conceal it, and closed her trembling fingers round it.

It was her badge of shame, her disgrace, the thing that perpetually reminded her that she was a pariah—a being apart from the world in which for a season she moved.

But the little white hand had been too slow to do its work; Wriothesley too had seen that old trinket, and had remembered it.

A pang shot through his heart. With all her other griefs and regrets, had she to battle too with this?

"My dear girl," he said very gently, "why permit yourself such morbid meditations? Why think of what cannot now be helped, and of what is really of so little consequence?"

"I think of it always," she said—"I never forget. How can I?"

"Why cannot you? you mean. Here you are, respected, loved by many, and the very centre of attraction, as it were, by right of your grace and beauty; and yet you would still pull caps with Fortune."

"You will tell me next, as Cicely does, that the very mystery that surrounds me adds to that attraction; but, oh to solve that mystery, even at the cost of the attraction! You cannot understand what it is to feel as I do. I am different from all those with whom I move. They have parents, homes; they know at least from where they sprang; but, as for me——"

She drew her breath sharply, and looked at him with miserable lovely eyes.

"Oh, the cruel pain of it!" she said.

"You yourself create that pain," he was beginning warmly; but she stopped him.

"Do I?" she said sadly. "You are kind; but there is no real truth in what you say, and you know it! Would any man willingly choose me for his wife, do you think? No, hear me"—checking the interruption he would here have made. "Would you, do you think, have married me, had I not in my mad childish ignorance asked you to do so, and had you not in a moment of pique—a moment when you were broken-hearted, and felt the world no longer contained any good for you—consented? Fulke"—laying a burning hand upon his—"whatever else is between us, let there at least be honesty. Do not seek to contradict what I have said."

There was indeed so much that was true in what she had said that he could not answer her reassuringly, as he would fain have done.

He stood therefore silent before her, for which she honored him the more; yet her head drooped during that sad silence, and the mournful lines about her mouth grew more pronounced.

"I am an outcast," she said.

"Don't talk like that," said he angrily; "there is neither sense nor meaning in it: and, as to what you say about no man caring to marry you, are you prepared to say that amongst all those men you now know there is not one who would willingly call you wife?"

He regarded her with a keen scrutiny as he asked this.

"Not one," replied she slowly.

Did she mean it, or was she playing with perfect aplomb a very difficult part?

His eyes were still fixed upon the pale beautiful face with its downcast eyes, and he was obliged to admit to himself that a brow so pure could hide behind it no deceit.

"You are wrong," he said gently. "Although you so distrust me, although our marriage had little of romance about it, I still am pleased with the thought that I can call you wife."

She smiled in a rather abstracted fashion.

"You were always kind," she said; and then, with a singular abruptness that quite disturbed the speech he was about to make—"It is late. Good-night!"

"Good-night," said he in turn, startled into that commonplace response. "As you say, it is time we thought of our beauty sleep."

He looked down as he spoke, and by chance saw that her hand was still clasped nervously round the unlucky locket. He went closer to her, took the hand and with gentle force opened it.

"We have had enough of this for one night, at least," he said; "better give it into my keeping for the future."

As he spoke, he tried to possess himself of the locket; but with a sudden vehemence she clung to it.

"Do not take it! I promised her—auntie—that I would never part with it! Oh, do not deprive me of it, Fulke!"

There was so much fear in the eyes she raised to his that he resigned all idea of taking possession of the locket.

"As you will," he said; "but at least promise me that you will sit up no longer. These small, dark, uncanny hours are not meant for children like you. Come—promise me before I go that you will be a good little girl, and say your prayers and go to sleep at once." He laughed as he said this, and taking up the locket dropped it into her dressing-case. "There let it lie," he said tragically, and then added, "Well, have I that promise?"

"You have," she said, smiling.

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night."

He had moved away from her towards his own door, when some sudden impulse swayed her. She went quickly up to him, and, laying her hand upon his breast, raised her cheek to him as a child or a young girl might have done, asking for a caress.

Wriothesley, taken so unawares, flushed crimson. He placed his hand beneath her chin, and turning her face more towards him, kissed her with exceeding gentleness upon the lips.

"Good-night," he said again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE pleasant informal dance was almost at an end; the word "carriages" had been mentioned once or twice, the young people pretending not to hear it.

Early in the evening the Christmas tree had been lit in the great hall, and round it quite a hundred and fifty children of all sizes and ages and stations, from the coster's son to the little lordling, had stood in speechless delight.

It was allowed on all sides indeed to have been a gigantic success; and happy were the little children of all ranks who went home that night literally loaded with toys and bon-bons, satiated with excitement and with every prospect of being extremely unwell in the morning.

It ought by right to have been called a New Year's tree, as it was kept back until the second week in January to accommodate the Vicar, who was absent unavoidably, and who would have broken his heart, according to Lady Lucy, if he had not been able to see the delight on his children's faces when the unaccustomed dainties were placed in their little arms—poor children coming out of their cabins and hovels and unlovely homes to join this sweet glimpse of Paradise.

After the dispersion of the humbler guests, dancing had been got up amongst the house-party and those invited from the country round.

It was a farewell dance, said Lady Lucy regretfully to Marvel, who had done wonders with the children all the evening, and had developed a perfect talent for understanding exactly what toy would best suit each child.

"A horrid farewell dance!" said Lady Lucy. "I really wish you would change your mind at the eleventh hour and put off going to-morrow. Cicely can't want you much until her own party is in full swing."

But Cicely, coming up at that moment and hearing this, was exceeding wroth, and declared that she had Marvel's word to come south with her to her own home, and that she would not let her off it for any sister-in-law in the world.

The dancing was kept up very briskly, and was all the more enjoyed in that the dance itself was a rather impromptu affair.

Nigel Savage, as every one remarked, was in specially high spirits, and made himself absolutely charming to even the old and ugly ones, who as a rule sat in swooning attitudes along the walls, in rows as unbroken as a line of hollyhocks.

But his high spirits bordered closely on despair; it was the last evening he would spend with Marvel.

He might see her again—indeed his home was situated but a short distance from Mrs. Verulam's—but he knew instinctively that Cicely would not make him welcome at Grangemore.

The very thought of this made him reckless. He asked Marvel to dance with him far oftener than he usually permitted himself to do; and she did not refuse him.

She was looking more than ordinarily lovely because she was looking happy; she had found a very deep gladness in the joy of those little children, and a solace in the clinging of their eager arms.

She was the one indeed, amongst all the grand ladies whom they singled out as their best friend, and the one of whom they were least afraid.

She had not yet lost the flush and the smiling lips that their open devotion had given her.

She was dressed in white, as usual, but she wore no diamonds on this occasion—only some scented roses that lay upon her bosom and one white rose in her hair. There were roses, too, amongst the folds of her gown, and a bunch of them was fastened to her fan—all white.

She was standing now against the mantelshelf, a tall, sweet, slender thing.

When Savage once more made his way to her to ask her to give him the dance just then beginning, Wriothesley, who saw him coming, and who stood near Marvel, with a quick frown went up to her and said:

"Will you give me this dance?"

"I will give it," said she with some surprise; "but for married people to dance together——"

"I know. It is an abomination in my sight also; but, if you will waltz with me from this door to the door opposite, it is all I shall ask."

"I should be ungenerous indeed to refuse so slight a request," said she, smiling.

She placed her hand on his arm almost as Savage came up to her.

"You are engaged?" he said, his tone an astonished question.

"Yes. Did you too wish to dance this with me? The next, if you will, then," replied she sweetly.

Wriothesley coughed sharply in a little way that he had when annoyed: but he said nothing, and presently his arm was round her waist.

When they came to the prescribed door, he seemed to forget all about his compact with her, and went on dancing until they came to it the second time.

"You dance exquisitely," he said then. "Will you come into the conservatory and rest a while?"

"No thank you," said she, with a certain hasty determination.

"It seems strange, does it not," he went on presently, "that, though I have known you all your life, and though we have been married—how long?"

"You know—a year and a half," replied she coldly.

"Still this is the first time we have ever danced together."

"Is it so strange? Science has made wonderful strides, certainly, but it has not yet arranged for the waltzing of two people together when one is in England and the other in the Rocky Mountains."

"Do you know," said he, looking full at her, "you are the biggest deception I know! A person with your eyes and mouth should not know what it is to be severe."

"I suppose even a person with my lips and eyes can be taught severity by life's cruelties; yet I hate myself for being in such a mood as this," said she, with frank regret, turning her beautiful pathetic face to his. "I should not make heartless speeches on a night when I have been so happy. Those little children—did you notice how glad they looked, how their eyes sparkled, how their little hands trembled with delight? Oh, it was lovely to see them! Yes, I have been happy."

She paused.

"Until now?"—gloomily.

She turned her eyes on him as if not understanding, then—

"Oh, no; your thought is wrong! My mind ran upon another subject altogether—I did not think of you," said she simply. "I was only wondering if you would let me give a Christmas-tree next year to the little ones on the Ringwood estate."

"Let you! Have I then proved myself so stern a task-master that you must grow so red and so nervous when making a little request like that? Is not all that I have yours?"

"Not all," she said, in a low tremulous tone; and then suddenly she put up her hand, as if to prevent his reply. "Not a word!" she entreated. "I don't know why I said that; there was no meaning in it—none. I don't want anything."

Then, with painful shyness, stammering over each word she uttered in her endeavor to get back into the safe harbor of commonplace converse—

"Then I may give the poor—your poor—a Christmas tree next year?"

"You may do precisely what you like," replied he icily, chilled by her evident shrinking from anything deeper than mere surface friendliness with him. "That stress upon the pronoun was scarcely necessary, I think; surely they are your poor also. You may repudiate me if you will, but you have to acknowledge their claims upon you."

She stood silent, her eyes cast down—distressed, not knowing what to say.

"It seems to me that your charity is boundless to all the world save me," he went on, with a supercilious smile. "Even to Savage just now you granted grace, seeing how deplorably he regretted the loss of this dance. By-the-by, you have danced a good deal with him to-night. I have never thought of asking the question be-

fore; but is he a very interesting sort of person?"

He spoke as one athirst for knowledge: and Marvel resented his tone, feeling instinctively the falseness of it.

"I have always found him so," she said calmly.

This rejoinder of Marvel's, coming honestly from her heart, disconcerted Wriothesley—but she did not know it—more than all the elaborate answers that she could have invented.

"So it seems."

At that moment the person under discussion could be seen by both making his way to them.

Wriothesley saw that he had barely time to say another word before he would be within hearing; so, his temper not being at its best, he made that word as pungent as he could.

"Don't let him become too interesting!" he said, with a rather unpleasant intonation, having given himself barely time to bow and retire as Savage joined her.

Mrs. Verulam, from afar, had watched all this, and, though their conversation was denied her, their countenances were not; and she drew a very correct inference of what had passed from the lights and shades of feeling that marked them.

"I wish Marvel had not been educated in so severely simple a school," she said to Sir George, who without invitation of any sort had followed her to her retreat behind the curtains of a window.

"Why?" said he vaguely, being busy polishing his glasses at the moment.

"Why? How stupid you are! Because, of course, if she were a little more alive to the general run of things, she would know how not to ruffle Wriothesley's feelings at every step."

"Ruffling will do him good," said Sir George.

"That is your opinion; it doesn't follow that it is a correct one."

"You form it," said Sir George, spreading out his hands in the meekest self-abnegation.

"And yet I don't know; perhaps you are right," said she thoughtfully, touched doubtless by his humility. "Well, never mind Wriothesley. He is really, in my estimation, hardly worth an argument."

"Who is?"

"Mrs. Dameron, for example," said she, in a tone of withering disgust. "Was there ever so lamentable a person? Look at her! What on earth has she done to her hair to-night? Really, with a straw or two thrown in, she would be excellent as Ophelia at her maddest! For my part, I don't think she looks proper—at!"

"That's an awful question," said Sir George, staring hard at the despised Mrs. Dameron, who stood opposite to him at the other side of the room, and who really was very marvellously attired.

"Which means that you are afraid to answer it," said Mrs. Verulam, with a shrug. "I'm positive there is a latent fear within you that some day you will be hanged, and you are always providing against that unpleasant possibility. You live in a determination not to commit yourself!"

"What a thing for you to say!" exclaimed he, with deep reproach. "Why, I do nothing else whenever fortune gives me five minutes alone with you! Even now I followed you here to——"

"Yes. What brought you here?" demanded she briskly. "Who asked you to come and sit here with me?"

"No one. I saw you alone, and so I came. You sent your partner for a shawl, I think; and I, knowing where it was, despatched him in the opposite direction. He will be a good while finding it, I think."

Mrs. Verulam was silent, from reasons untold.

"I thought it an excellent opportunity," went on Sir George in his studiously even way, "to ask you once more to——"

"I do hope you are not going to begin that all over again?" interrupted she, with some indignation.

"I am beginning nothing. I am only going on with it."

"Am I to understand," exclaimed she, wrath growing warm within her at this persistence, "that you intend proposing to me in every corner of every room of every house we may chance to enter, and behind every available curtain"—with a glance at her present surroundings—"until happy death steps in to save me from you?"

"You have indeed discovered my fixed determination!"

"After all that happened years ago—after all you promised then! Well, I shall know how to believe you next time!"

"So long as there is a next time"—imperturbably—"I can be happy about that."

"You hope to torment me into saying 'Yes'"—with an angry little laugh. "But you don't know me if you think so. I can endure a great deal. I am quite proof against persecution of that sort. And, besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I have a remedy. There is one thing that remains to me."

"And that?"

"I shall marry some other man."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible! But how then?"

"Because I shall always assassinate that man upon his wedding morning!"

Mrs. Verulam stared sternly for a moment at the pattern in the lace curtain before her, and then burst out laughing. She was still indignant however.

"To think that you, our scientific friend," she said scornfully, "should give way to such folly!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"MARVEL, don't stand on ceremony with me," began Mrs. Verulam, herself pausing on the threshold of Lady Wriothesley's bed-room. "The fact is, I am not sleepy, and I should dearly love a little gossip with you; so, if you are too tired——"

"Not too tired, but——"

"I see"—making a little chagrined moue—"that 'but' is fraught with meaning. If not tired, you would still be alone to dwell on your latest triumph."

"You are not such a Solon as you believe yourself, after all. That 'but' of which you complain was the commencement of a much more mundane speech. I was going to make the confession, pur et simple, that I am dreadfully hungry."

"Never say it again!" cried Mrs. Verulam gaily. "Come—those cormorants of this evening have no doubt left us something still upon the supper-table! Let us go a-foraging."

"Well, I've been thinking," said Marvel, glancing downwards at the loose white robe, heavily trimmed with Duchesse lace, that she was wearing, and then at Mrs. Verulam, radiant in an exquisite negligé of pale-blue cashmere, "that perhaps we had better wait a bit. They may not all have gone to bed yet, and to meet them like this!"

"Would they faint?" asked Mrs. Verulam—who knew how well she looked in ethereal blue, and would not have objected to an accidental rencontre—and then she laughed a little. "Better they should faint than that you should die of starvation."

"Better neither. I daresay I shall live on your conversation for another half-hour or so, until we hear the click of the smoking-room door and the tramp, tramp, upstairs. Come—now for your gossip!"

She stirred the fire vigorously, pushed Cicely into a huge arm-chair, and flung herself upon the rug at her feet.

"It is poor—it is unworthy the name! No big scandal ornaments it. It is only a word or two about Mrs. Scarlett, and ——"

"Then I won't hear it!" exclaimed Marvel sharply, putting up her hands to her ears. "I can't bear to hear her name mentioned. It hurts me somehow!"

"There, don't be a goose!" said Mrs. Verulam. "You needn't feel all that now; she can no longer do you any harm, her day is past. Still I don't wonder at your dislike of her. I should feel it myself; and for that reason I have decided on not asking her to Grangemore next month."

Marvel got up on her knees and looked at her anxiously.

"Why have you come that decision?" she said. "You asked her last year, why should you exclude her from your party now? I hope you will not, Cicely! It will look as if—— They will all say it is because of Fulke; and, I really do not think he is in love with her now."

"Oh, not one can see that! As I have just been saying, her day is past. We were rather mistaken about that at first. But yet I do not like to ask her, Marvel, when I see how abominably she treats you."

"It does not touch me now. It used to do so, I confess, but, now!"

It seemed to her that it was a very recent now.

"Do not leave her out because of me; she will be an addition to your party for one thing, she is so beautiful and so much the fashion; and I have reason to think she expects and hopes for an invitation from you."

"From me? For Heaven's sake why? I could name you five different houses at this moment, very much more important than mine, where she would be received with open arms!"

"Nevertheless I know she would accept your invitations before any of the others."

"Still hankering after Wriothesley? I must say, Marvel, you are either the soul of generosity or else"—with a keen glance at her—"you have made the discovery that Wriothesley at a distance is more desirable than Wriothesley near."

"You mean——" asked Marvel, a little cold, a little puzzled; and she drew back from her.

"Nothing," said Cicely, with a quick pang of remorse. "Don't mind me; it is only that when that woman's name is mentioned I always lose my temper."

"Well, don't mind that—don't mind anything. Do not thwart her in this matter. Do you know"—laying her arms on Cicely's knee and looking up at her with lovely solemn eyes—"I do not think it is Fulke she thinks of so much as me!"

"You? What a conceited child."

Mrs. Verulam burst out laughing.

"After all, I daresay you are right," she said, "the deposed queen must naturally follow, with a feverish hope of a breakdown, the fortunes of the usurper. Well, your majesty shall be obeyed; I will give her the desired invitation to-morrow."

"Thank you," said Marvel simply. "I am glad you have arranged it so. Cicely"—regarding her earnestly—"has it ever occurred to you that she is very ill?"

"Never—she is too insolent for that! Lucy once hinted something of the kind to me, but I don't believe it."

"I do, then. Sometimes in the very middle of her most brilliant moments she seems to shrink into herself, and a curious, almost cruel light glows within her eyes. I know it, I have watched it, and I think it is born of pain. Oh, Cicely, I am sure that she is suffering secretly, silently, that she tries to hide the knowledge of her suffering from the world!"

"Well, so be it. It would be a pity to spoil a romance that interests you so deeply. But, even if true, I confess I shouldn't cry about it. What are you so solemn about now, Marvel? I do believe"—severely—"you would do that false creature a good turn if you could!"

Marvel pondered a moment.

"I would," she said at last bravely. "Call me poor-spirited if you will; but I only wish I had the chance of doing it."

"Spirit? You haven't a particle!" said Mrs. Verulam indignantly.

"Not an atom. I often think it is strange, is it not? that I should so desire her friendship. I can't explain it even to myself, and yet I know I would do anything to kill this hatred with which I have so evidently inspired her. That curious fascination I felt on first seeing her, you remember? and which I believed to be a mere passing emotion that would die away on acquaintance, has strengthened rather than decreased."

"You are a dreamer of dreams," said Mrs. Verulam, trying hard to be contemptuous, and failing. "And yet is it wise to strive so hard against one's natural workings? You would be a saint, but can you? Is it possible to love one's enemy? We all know 'the world and life's too big to pass for a dream;' yet you would make yourself a mere puppet in it, the world, I mean, to be tossed to and fro at the whim of a worthless worldling, consoling yourself perchance with the thought that it is all for your soul's benefit! Or else, perhaps, is it that you would say—

> "'I do these wild things in sheer despite,
> And play the fooleries you catch me at
> In pure rage!'

—for fooleries they are, darling, if you think it your duty to act the Good Samaritan to Leonie Scarlett."

"I never knew you so severe before. I have told you how I feel towards her, dear Cicely; and, whatever motives you may impute to me, I cannot alter now. I am no saint, no angel—no hypocrite either!"

She spoke the last three words in a very low tone, and large tears gathered in her eyes.

"Oh, Marvel, what a word to use! If I have hurt you, how shall I forgive myself?"

Marvel laughed, and blinked back the tears.

"You have not hurt me—you could not," she said; "I understand you too well for that. But Mrs. Scarlett, I confess, is a troublesome subject. Let us forget her and take to something else—Sir George, for example. What of him? I duly noted the fact that you lost yourself with him for a considerable time behind the curtains, but I could not discover by mere scrutiny if anything or nothing came of it."

"Something certainly—an unlimited supply of abuse as applied by me to him. Oh"—with a sigh of angry impatience—"I don't believe there is under heaven so annoying a man!"

"I believe at all events that there is no man so well suited to you or who loves you so well. I believe also that you love him."

"Nobody can prevent you, of course. This is a free country. Believe away as hard as you can."

"Well, now, honestly, what do you think yourself?"

"If you put it so, I shall feel myself compelled to lie. When any one says to you, 'Now I tell you the honest truth,' or, 'Well, to be honest with you,' grasp at once the fact that a tremendous tarradiddle is about to be poured into your ears."

"Nonsense, Cicely! I don't want to listen to such trash as that. But there is Sir George; and I do think"—softly pressing Cicely's face towards her with her little velvet palm, so that the fire-flames fell upon it—"that sometimes you feel that he—that he is——"

"Not at all—not a bit of it!" interrupted Mrs. Verulam, with great aplomb. "You give me credit too much. Some day I shall seem to you a disgraceful defaulter; yet, with regard to Sir George, I don't mind admitting to you, and you only; that he is the main wall of the biggest enigma I know. Do I like him? Do I dislike him? Is he the most uncompromising bore I know or the most entertaining companion? Do I wish him dead or would his death be a calamity? To all those questions I tell myself perpetually I have no answer ready—yet there is one thing."

She drew herself up into a more lively posture, and smiled as if amused at herself.

"If at any time I miss him at my elbow, I confess I feel deeply wronged! How can that be accounted for? It is the more difficult because, when he is there, I invariably feel indignant. Now what would you make out of all that?"

"A conundrum of course, as you suggested, and one too to which Sir George alone will find the answer—give him the chance."

Her last suggestion was uttered in a sweet voice full of entreaty.

"Has he enlisted you in his service? If so, a most sweet emissary!" said Mrs. Verulam, stooping to kiss her brow. "But," gaily, "surely he has chances enough! He is coming to me next month."

"He has stayed with you often before—that means nothing."

"Say you so, fair prophetess? Well, time works wonders, as they tell us. Let us see what this month may bring forth!"

"There goes the click of the smoking-room door!" cried Marvel suddenly. "Did you hear it? No? You must be deaf then. Now listen!"

And slowly, surely, came the measured tramp of men's feet up the staircase.

They could hear Geraint turn off there, and Dameron go on past their door; while Wriothesley entered the next room, and there went fussing about a good deal, and did quite a tremendous business with the poker, so that it might reasonably be supposed that his fire was now aglow.

And then suddenly all sounds died away, and the house was as still as though death alone instead of eager life reigned in it.

"Come now," said Marvel, who was standing at the open door to make sure that the last footsteps had indeed died away. "Now we may venture."

They stole downstairs on tiptoe and entered the supper-room, which was deserted and lampless; but it was only the work of a moment to transform it once more into a chamber of light.

They were still laughing and chatting over it, when the door opened and Nigel Savage came in.

He looked pale, haggard, and altogether as miserable as a man might be. The smile he conjured up, when with a start he awoke to a sense of their presence, was both strained and unhappy.

"Why, I thought you were all in bed!" cried Mrs. Verulam, half rising from her chair.

"The rest may be; I am not," returned he lightly. "I am a wakeful soul at all times. Sleep is coy with me, and eludes me many a night and oft—so oft indeed that I sometimes dread to woo her. To-night it was a happy fear, as it chances, as it has once more brought me into your company."

He smiled more naturally as he said this, as he concluded what ought to have been the most cheerful portion of his speech, he sighed heavily.

"That most unlovely of all passions, hunger, brought us," said Mrs. Verulam gaily. "But what, may I ask, drove you at such an hour to the deserted banquet-hall?"

He looked embarrassed, and hesitated as one might who was about to arrange an answer that was far from the truth, when kindly Fate, in the shape of Mrs. Verulam's maid, saved him from "ye readie lie" that was now prepared to trip with lightness from his tongue.

"Madam," whispered the maid, "a note from Sir George. He said it was to be delivered immediately. It is in your room. I——"

"Very good," whispered her mistress sedately—"you can go."

But then she went too, leaving Marvel and Nigel Savage alone in the half-lit oak-panelled dining-room.

"Well," said Marvel lazily, looking up at him, "what did bring you?"

She had come over to the resuscitated fire, and was leaning back in the depths of a huge arm-chair, eating slowly and with evident pleasure some crystallized fruits she had carried away from the table.

Her pretty loose gown clung softly to her figure, and half her rounded arms was bare.

She was a little fatigued after the dancing and general exertions of the evening, and this had thrown a suspicion of languor into her beautiful eyes.

To Savage she had never before looked so lovely, and a very passion of despair and regret awoke within him—for himself, in that the love of his life was bound to wither and die without hope of fruition, without touch of gladness; for her, because he believed her unloved, uncared for, a pearl thrown to one who knew not the value of gems. It seemed to him a cruelty that cried aloud for vengeance and redress that this priceless thing should be for ever tied to one who saw not her perfections, whilst there was another who would have thought himself only too blessed if permitted to lay his very life at her feet.

There was in him a very keen sense of the hopelessness of all things as he stood now looking down upon her, with the knowledge full upon him that perhaps—indeed in all human probability—it was for the last time.

He had known for a good while that he must go, and this night had decided him. He would leave at once.

He could no longer trust himself to stay with her and be silent. He had quite determined to guard his secret to the last—to take it away with him, so that she might never know; although there was a vehement desire within him to tell her—to let her know the strength of the love with which she had inspired him.

And now—now as he gazed on her, lo, all his good resolutions faded and died from him, and only his wild sorrow and his craving to speak aloud the love that was consuming him remained!

"Well?" said she again, as she finished the last of her sweetmeats and cast a little sidelong glance to see if there were any more. "You don't tell me. How was it you came in here?"

Her innocent persistence and the lovely playful smile she gave him died away with the last remnant of righteous determination left to him.

"Must I tell you—really?" he asked, in a tone that was slightly unsteady.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONEY AS CAPITAL.—Young men are apt to estimate money alone as capital. One of their number who has inherited money is, they think, better equipped for the struggle of life than any other. They should look into the comparative commercial value of money and of knowledge and skill before they decide. Figures prove that of late years money has decreased in value as a money-getter, while human ability has increased. That is, the income from money invested at interest has diminished, while the compensation for service rendered has become larger. M. S.

TWO STARS.

BY J. CARNELL.

I missed two stars of beauty rare,
Two stars that brightly shone,
And often thought and wondered where
The wanderers had flown.

Each night for years I fruitless sought
The starry heavens lined.
Each night for years I vainly wrought
These errant gems to find.

To-night I saw your face by chance,
And found within your eyes,
To light thy smile, thy sunny glance,
Each brilliant wanderer lies.

DEFEATED.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Lady Constance appeared at the breakfast table at her usual hour, first going up to her father and kissing him affectionately.

"You look a little pale, my dear. Your frequent headaches give me great anxiety. I wish you would consult somebody. Are you sure you feel equal to going to Court, so much standing is fatiguing, remember."

"Dearest father, do not be anxious about me. I am in perfect health, thank Heaven! There is something, something in London that does not suit me. Then, so many parties, so many balls; I don't care for them now. I shall be glad when they are over!"

She sighed involuntarily.

"Constance," said he seriously, "one of your most urgent suitors was here yesterday. He wishes to speak to——"

"I know who you mean," she cried gaily. "Prescott told me. He is coming again to-day, Colonel Mephistopheles."

"Constance!"

"Well, he is like him, that is, he is the image of Retsch's outlines of him, lanky, thin-jawed, aquiline nose, yellow skin, and stony eyes of pale emerald, that pierce through one, endeavoring to read every thought, every feeling of the heart. He is my favorite aversion."

"If these are indeed your true sentiments it is useless to speak more of his purpose in calling yesterday."

"Quite useless, dear father. I should be pleased never to hear his name mentioned again. I should be more than pleased if I never saw him again," she replied earnestly, with a shudder.

What unseen power is there which warns us of the approach of evil?

Lady Constance felt cold and chill as she spoke of him; she had a natural antipathy for Colonel Despard, which circumstances had heightened, but as yet she was unconscious that he was her enemy.

About one o'clock the Colonel arrived; he carried a small morocco jewel-case in his hand.

He was ushered into a large vacant drawing-room, where he waited alone for a considerable time. Lady Constance particularly disliked the custom of receiving friends on these occasions, and having herself and her dress criticised.

A carriage drove up to the door—it was her aunt, Lady Tregellas, who had called for her.

Colonel Despard became impatient and angry; he perceived that the young lady did not intend granting him an interview.

However, the door was now thrown open, and she entered accompanied by her father, a slight bow from her, and no extended hand. He thought her lovelier than ever.

She was dressed in a rich white satin dress, embroidered with gold pomegranates; her train was of verdita blue of the palest shade, similarly arabesqued, trimmed with priceless lace and pomegranate blossom.

Her coiffure was her brown hair, drawn back from her white brow and twisted with real pomegranate flowers and plumes; her corsage was adorned also by the real flowers, as was her bouquet, all sent from Italy for this occasion hermetically sealed. She wore no jewels.

"We are in haste," said the Marquess. "Lady Tregellas is waiting. We must have the pleasure of seeing you some other time, Colonel."

"Stay!" cried the Colonel hastily; "only one moment. Lady Constance, you are without jewels. Will you do me the honor of accepting these rubies?"

Stepping forward, he opened the case, which contained a set of these splendid jewels. For one instant the young lady looked astonished at the offering; she then said calmly:

"I thank you, Colonel Despard, for your kind intentions, but I must decline accepting them—I dislike wearing ornaments;" she turned from him—but he had not yet shot his parting arrow.

"Forgive me, Lady Constance," he said, in an offensively confidental undertone, "but wear jewels—wear them for your own sake—unpleasant remarks are being made."

"Sir!" cried she, in indignation, "how dare you!"

"Stop, Constance," exclaimed the Marquess. "Colonel Despard means well; as an old friend he is telling us confidentially what the world says. My dear child, we are alone; do not look so hurt, but go back to your room and don your opals and diamonds for my sake."

She stood irresolute, the flush of pride fading slowly from her face, leaving it of lily paleness.

"Dearest father, for your sake I would do much, but I am in haste, my aunt must not be kept waiting. I promise to wear my ornaments, however, at the ball to-night."

With a stiff bend to the Colonel, she tripped away, her train over her arm.

This time the discomfited suitor was foiled, but he had more poisoned arrows in his quiver.

As for Lady Constance, she had read the hidden innuendo in that hateful subdued voice, knowing now that she had an enemy.

Upon entering the ball-room of Bridgewater House, Lady Constance, as usual, was immediately surrounded by a host of admirers, to whom was now added the young Lord Lavington.

She was attired in white satin, with diaphanous draperies, with the same flowers that she had worn at the drawing-room, natural pomegranate-blossom, but she had donned a fine set of pearls which had been her mother's—she was perfection.

Her tablets were filled.

"No, I never waltz now," said she, in reply to an invitation of the young nobleman, "but I will sit and talk one with you instead, and listen to your experiences in the East. I am glad to see you back again;" she spoke in the sweetest of voices. "We have missed you, Lord Lavington."

"It is worth while going away for two years to hear you say that," he answered, looking pleased.

"I think all men should travel and see other peoples and their customs; it frees them from prejudice, as there is generally something which might be grafted upon our own advantage. Yes too much traveling is unadvisable, it fosters the inclination for a roving, unsettled life."

"Well, after a man has traveled sufficiently to clear the cob-webs off his brain, and get some new ideas, what would you advise him to do?"

"Settle down on his estate, and take care of his own."

"Then I shall act on your advice, instead of running over to Australia. I will settle down as you call it, see that my poor people have model cottages, regular wages, the children sent to school, and the old men and women sitting in the warm chimney-corners, the men smoking, the grannies knitting, for the rest of their lives. I remember a good idea of poor Harbury——" here he stopped, suddenly remembering he was on forbidden ground.

For one moment there was a pause. Lady Constance sat like a statue; when she tried to speak, her voice was gone; with true chivalry he pretended not to notice the effect of his words and turned his eyes elsewhere, resumed talking, but a little at random, it must be confessed.

However, she speedily regained her composure, though her hands trembled somewhat.

"You are looking tired, Lady Constance; this is a fatiguing day for you," said the voice of Colonel Despard, who had sauntered up to her; "you are right not to dance."

"I am about to do so now," she replied, rising, for the waltz had terminated, and taking Lord Lavington's offered arm, left him.

He was foiled again, for a time, but waited and watched for his opportunity; he knew it would come in the course of that evening; access within the circle of Lady Constance was difficult, as she was popular with young ladies of her own age, who, loving her well, forgot to be jealous.

Thus, when she sat out the waltzes, there was always lively conversation in her vicinity.

"You all appear to be much amused," said Colonel Despard to a lady. "May I be admitted as a listener?"

"It is a pity you were not here a little sooner. Mrs. Fosbrooke has been entertaining us with the drollest story—about that Lord Haden who has married his cook—the last scandal out."

"No, not the last, I have one newer than that."

"Are you sure it is true?"

"Quite."

"Then pray let us hear it. Make room for Colonel Despard, he has a good story to tell us!"

Lady Constance was engaged in conversation with a lady and Lord Lavington, yet she could not help hearing his clear incisive words.

"Well, a morning or two ago, an intimate friend of mine was by chance out at an early hour, when, in passing by a jeweler's shop, a lady whom he thought he recognized, though she was muffled up in veils and wraps, came out and entered a common street cab."

Lady Constance started.

"This sounds promising!" cried Mrs. Fosbrooke.

"This lady is so distinguished, is of such high rank—such a star, in short, of the fashionable world—that my friend followed her, thinking it a duty he owed to society——"

"A duty—ha, ha, ha!"

"In the environs, at a secluded house, the cab stopped; the lady alighted, opened a door in the garden-wall, and entered; my friend waited a considerable time, but she did not come out again."

"I see nothing in that," observed Mrs. Fosbrooke. "Perhaps she went to have her photograph taken, or to see an old servant. Where is the scandal?"

"Wait a minute. My friend ascertained that a young and handsome author resided there, that the lady was a constant visitor, for hours together, and my friend——"

"Why does not Colonel Despard say at once that it was himself—his description is too graphic for second hand!" exclaimed Lady Constance, suddenly joining in the conversation, and looking at him coldly and scornfully with her beautiful hazel eyes flashing, and her upper lip curling haughtily.

Their eyes met, his steel-like ones bore an expression that she could not mistake. She never quailed, though she understood him perfectly; Lady Constance had a spirit which rose to the occasion.

"I should most decidedly say that your veiled lady has a secret," continued she.

"Of what kind?" he asked.

"That, as a duty you owe to society, is for you to ascertain. Colonel Despard, you must dive into the affair as soon as possible; suppose we say to-morrow."

As this was the Colonel's intention he was disappointed at being met with his own weapons.

"You are right, Lady Constance; my friend will lose no time, perhaps he will call on the handsome author in the morning."

The listeners were amused, although they did not understand her badinage—he did. She defied him.

After that she talked gaily and with animation, and completely ignored him. No one would imagine that in her heart the beautiful young woman trembled; overwhelmed with anxiety, its inward cry was—

"What shall I do? What shall I do!" A lovely pink suffused her usually pale cheek. She laughed, she was very much excited; the Colonel watched her like a basilisk.

"What a beautiful waltz!" she exclaimed as the band struck up; "it is new, I never heard it before; it is really tempting;" and she beat time on the floor with a little foot cased in white satin and gold.

"Break your vow, Lady Constance, and allow me the pleasure of——," said a gentleman.

"I never made a vow!" interrupted she.

"Then yield to the temptation," cried Lord Lavington.

"I think I must, for this once! and I must dance with you—because you have been away so long!"

Delightedly the young man encircled her waist with his arm, and they were lost to the Colonel's astonished eyes, amidst the crowd of dancers.

"I am out of practice," said Lady Constance when they had reached the extreme end of the ball-room.

"I must rest."

A settee was placed in a recess, surrounded by flowers, here she sat down. She had become very pale.

"Lord Lavington," she said suddenly, "you mentioned a name an hour or two ago, which is seldom mentioned now, never to me. The unfortunate are generally forgotten by the happy and prosperous. You are an exception to the rule, for you spoke kindly of him."

"You mean Josselyn—he was an early friend; although five years my senior, he was my favorite companion at Eton, and fought all my battles.

I was very sorry when that wretched investigation took place, but leaving England so soon after, I have heard nothing of him. Where is he—do you know?"

"Hush! Yes, I do know. Oh, Lord Lavington! if you ever felt a friendship for him, now is the time to show it. He is ill, friendless—hiding away from the world, which has deserted him. Will you go to him to-morrow, and take him away to the country?"

"Dear Lady Constance, I will do anything you wish; do not distress yourself," for she looked faint and her lips quivered. The loyal young man recognized the downfall of rose-colored hopes he began to entertain, and saw that her sudden wish to waltz was but a ruse in order to speak with him quietly; he sighed, but was true to the core.

"I will go to him at ten o'clock to-morrow morning; give me the address," said he, producing a tiny tablet.

Lady Constance wrote down "Mr. Schreiber, 2 Priory Walk, Fulham." "You will never repent this kindness, never, Lord Lavington; there are your credentials," said she, presenting them. "Now I will seek Lady Tregellas, and go home."

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL DESPARD visited the house at Fulham at twelve o'clock the following day. This time he hammered at the garden door—in vain; but learned from a policeman who stood at the top of the lane, watching his proceedings, that two gentlemen with portmanteaux had gone away in a cab, nearly two hours before, and that soon after the old servant had come out, locked the gate, and departed with a bundle.

"Which looks as if they was all off somewhere," remarked the observant officer.

"I will set a watch on the house," said the Colonel to himself; "and another at Grosvenor Square."

This he did for a whole week, without any results. The Fulham house remained unvisited; and Lady Constance rode with her father as usual every morning, but refrained from parties or the opera in the evening. Therefore he had no chance of meeting her.

The week, however, terminated more eventfully than it commenced.

One morning the detective on duty in Grosvenor Square rushed into the Colonel's apartment at the Albany.

"The young lady has gone away, sir. She and her maid went to the Great Western Terminus this morning. They have left by the nine o'clock train for Worcester!"

The Colonel, who was breakfasting, sprang up.

"There's nothing sly in it, sir. The footmen were at the hall-door, and saw the trunks put up, and they drove off in a brougham—all fair and open."

"Worcester—Worcester! Why has she gone to Worcester?"

Colonel Despard was so disturbed at this news that he set out at once for Grosvenor Square; it was a very early hour to call, but the Colonel had his reasons.

"You are the very man I wished to see!" exclaimed the Marquess. "Josselyn Harbury is dying. Constance has gone to him—without my permission. She left a letter for me telling me her destination—which will make you open your eyes. Josselyn is at Harbury Priors!"

"The base-born rascal! How dare he set foot there!" cried the Colonel, with concentrated hatred.

"I am going to follow her at once."

"Never!"

"Yes; she is my only child. I shall give her the sanction of my presence—of course, if the unfortunate young man is dying, the sad affair will end satisfactorily. I am going now. Adieu, Despard."

"I will accompany you," said the Colonel grimly.

At an early hour that morning a telegram had been received by Lady Constance from the faithful Lord Lavington which caused her to leave London for Harbury Priors at once, accompanied by Prescott.

According to her directions a letter was placed beside her father's plate on the breakfast table; it was as follows:

"My dearest Father,—Forgive me, as, when you read this, I shall be on my way to Harbury Priors. Josselyn is there, ill, perhaps dying, deserted by former friends, forgotten by the world. I feel my place is beside him. Father, forgive your daughter, "CONSTANCE."

At first the Marquess was enraged; then he determined to follow her, for he feared society's strictures; she held too prominent a position for any of her actions to be unnoticed.

He was about to start, when Colonel Despard was announced; the result was that the two gentlemen traveled together; but a ray of enlightenment had shot through the Colonel's brain.

His cousin Josselyn, and the secluded resident in Priory Walk, were one and the same. Jealousy, rage, hatred, filled his breast, rendering him a silent companion during the journey.

Arrived at Worcester, they took a carriage, and traveled across country, arriving at Harbury Priors in the evening. The sun was setting in liquid gold, throwing its beams through the tracery of the young green leaves.

The air was redolent with the perfume of the chestnut blossoms and wild flowers in the long avenue, which they entered, the gates being partially open; the lodge beside them was uninhabited.

In the course of three years' neglect, the grass had sprung up over the roadway, and weeds had climbed the fences. It was melancholy in its solitude.

The house looked deserted; but the noise of the wheels brought Evans to the door. This old servant having been unprovided for, through the non-production of the will, had been given the charge of the mansion, until the disputed ownership could be decided.

"Lady Constance is here, I suppose?" said the Marquess.

"Yes, my lord, she has been here some time."

"Tell her that I wish to see her. I must be alone, Colonel," added he.

Evans conducted him upstairs, to the room in which Lord Harbury had died. The bed furniture had been removed, however, and probably Evans had ushered the Marquess into it as it adjoined the sick man's chamber, and also because all the best apartments below were shut up.

She came to him directly—throwing herself into his arms, sobbing bitterly. For a time neither spoke.

"Father—will you forgive me?"

"Under such circumstances I really must."

"Will you see him?"

"Take me to him."

She led the way to the neighboring room. On a white-curtained bed, the same he had occupied years before, lay he who had been the handsome, noble Josselyn Harbury, now worn to a shadow, pale and wan; beside him was his early friend, Lord Lavington. The poor fellow's eyes brightened as the Marquess advanced to his bedside, and tried to raise himself from the pillow.

"God bless you for coming," said he. When the Marquess heard the once familiar voice of him who would have been his son, his heart softened, his pride which encased it melted away; he took Josselyn's hand.

"My poor lad," said he, "you have been very bad."

"Constance," the young man uttered faintly, "does your father know all?"

"Know what?" cried the Marquess.

"Constance is my wife!"

"What!" he exclaimed, starting back, and dropping the thin hand he held.

"When Josselyn lost his position—his inheritance, and was left penniless—he was

desperate and bent upon seeking his fortune in the far West. But, father, I could not spare him—for I knew we should never meet again. As his wife, I could be his one friend and comfort, for he was deserted by all, as if he had been guilty of a crime. You had never objected to him before that dreadful time—the licence was ready—so we married."

The Marquess groaned.

"Well, in spite of all my care, he fretted at his position, and became so ill that the doctor declared only his native air could save him. Knowing Evans was in charge here, we easily induced him to receive Josselyn—who has been worse through his journey, though the care Lord Lavington has so kindly given him is beyond all words of gratitude. You will recover now, dearest, for my sake!"

She placed her hand very tenderly on his brow.

"Dear Father—will you please forgive us!"

The Marquess looked at the pallid countenance, thinking to himself, "He never can recover, so I may as well do so."

"I suppose I must," answered he, "though in truth I feel the deception bitterly."

But he took his daughter in his arms, and kissed her, and once more pressed Josselyn's hand; then he left the room, followed by the young Lord Lavington, and re-entered the adjoining apartment, where Colonel Despard stood, with lowering brow.

"Constance is married to Josselyn, after all, Colonel," cried he, throwing himself into a chair. "She has been married these three years."

"The villain, the double-dyed villain—to dare!—What will you do to him?" almost shrieked Despard.

He had never imagined this could be the case. Astonishment and rage almost maddened him. Then he sat down, burying his face in his hands—he had lost her!

For some little time both the other gentlemen were silent, when the Marquess suddenly said—

"What is that shining like a glowworm on the floor by the wall?"

He pointed to the opposite skirting, where a parting sunbeam cast its ray, and where in truth an object glittered brightly as a star.

Lord Lavington went up to inspect it, then with his pen-knife extracted from under the woodwork, where it lay partially hidden, a ring.

"It's a remarkably fine diamond ring," said he, examining it—"how did it come there, I wonder—I declare there are hinges—and here is a keyhole. It is a cupboard; and locked," said he, shaking it, and as he did so, something fell noisily on the inside. "That sounded like the key!" said he; "but how can a key be inside a locked cupboard—and a cupboard it is—for it is against the outer wall!"

"Call Evans," suggested the Marquess.

Evans speedily entered.

"Yes," he said, it was a cupboard, but never used. He looked at the ring, but did not recognise it. Then taking the key from the door-lock of the room, he applied it to the cupboard.

It opened. The closet was shallow; within it lay a mass, an indefinable black mass of something which fell forward into the room. A horror, too sad, too dreadful to gaze upon!

It was all that remained of Richard Cowlingshaw! From one skeleton hand the ring had dropped, the other still held some papers. Evans, horrified, placed them on the table.

Colonel Despard lifted his head from his hands, looked at the papers, then he cast one glance at the horrible heap on the floor, and fled, rushing from the house as if pursued by fiends, as doubtless he was in his conscience, for it had been he who, by the offer of an enormous bribe, in tempting his victim's cupidity, had lured him to his wretched death.

To avoid detection, the lawyer had stepped into the closet, locking himself in for safety. Of heavy frame, heated by his hurried walk, he became suffocated from want of air, and doubtless had expired at once by asphyxia.

The papers were manifold, and included the will and the marriage certificate of Lord and Lady Harbury, which had been solemnized in a Lutheran church, afterwards destroyed by the war at Sedan—thus accounting for none of the rewards offered in the newspaper advertisements from time to time, both in France and Belgium, having been claimed.

Joy seldom kills. Restored to his rightful position, Josselyn slowly recovered his health.

His first proceeding was to have the wing of the mansion where the remains of Mr. Cowlingshaw were discovered razed to the ground, the site being converted into a flower-garden.

Colonel Despard was never again received by the Marquess, or Lord and Lady Harbury; for in the breast-pocket of the lawyer's coat was found the telegram he received on the morning of his death, signed "Roden," one of the Colonel's Christian names, proving a plot between them, for one to obtain a title, the other to augment his fortune, in which, by the mysterious workings of Providence, they were defeated.

[THE END.]

On the Thursday before Easter the Emperor of Austria went through the annual ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men. In former times the ceremony was double, as the Empress washed the feet of twelve old women: but of late years her majesty's health has not permitted her to endure the fatigues of this function. The ceremony takes place in the throne room of the palace, and is preceded by the serving of a meal in four courses to the almsmen. The dishes are placed on the table and removed by the Emperor and the archdukes. There is no eating, but the dishes, plates, glasses, napkins and covers are all placed in boxes, emblazoned with the imperial arms, and these are carried to the residences of the old men. A prayer is then intoned, and the right leg of each man being bared by the court servants, the Emperor kneels and pours a little water out of a golden basin over each man's foot, and concludes his pious office by hanging a purse full of coins round every old man's neck. The eldest of the old men was ninety-two and the youngest eighty-seven, their combined ages amounting to one thousand and fifty-four.

Paid in His Own Coin.

BY BERTIE HAYLE.

BENJAMIN GROSMIDT gave his wife a last kiss on the doorstep of his suburban villa, and, getting into his brougham, at ten o'clock precisely was set down at the door of his shop.

He was a jeweler with a good country connection, and on the evening previously he had returned from delivering a valuable order into the hands of a ducal customer whose daughter was about to enter the holy state of matrimony.

He had been fully satisfied with the admiration which the beauty of his design and the skill of the workmanship had called forth, and still more so by receiving payment thereof in the form of a roll of bank notes, which he counted and placed in his pocket-book.

As the bank was closed on his return, he drove straight home, and put the money in his desk, intending on the morrow to pay it into his account.

On arriving, however, at the door of his shop he remembered that he had left the notes behind him, but, as his wife knew where they were, the omission gave him no anxiety.

After he had set the business going for the day, and taken up his post behind the counter, a carriage stopped at the door, from the box of which descended a servant, who assisted his master to alight. The latter was a stranger to Mr. Grosmidt, though he recognized the coachman as an employe at one of the principal hotels.

The gentleman was tall and slight, with transparently fair complexion, finely cut features, and blue eyes.

His pale-yellow beard and moustaches were carefully trimmed to a point, and he was quietly dressed in perfectly fitting garments.

His manner was easy and self-possessed. All this Benjamin saw at a glance, for he was accustomed to take a mental picture of clients who were unknown to him.

The jeweler made it a practice never to run the risk of being misled by appearances, however favorably he was impressed; so on being asked to show some stones of higher value than those exposed to view, for at those his customer scarcely deigned to look, he spoke through the tube, requesting the presence of his foreman, who produced them, and occupied himself in the shop.

A number of gems of great value were selected, and Benjamin asked to whom and where they should be sent.

"I am leaving the town this afternoon, so I will pay you for them, and take them with me," said his customer.

Now, Benjamin had noticed that the right arm of the gentleman had remained rigidly in one position, as if it were in splints, and the hand rested in a sling arranged under the coat.

His customer drew with the left hand a wallet from the side pocket, and with some difficulty examined the contents, so that the jeweler could hardly help seeing that they consisted of a fair amount in notes and gold.

The purchase was, however, a large one, and he was not surprised when the buyer remarked, without any sign of perturbation—

"I find I have spent more than I intended; if you will allow me to write a note, I can send it to the hotel, and my wife will remit to me what I require. I will wait until it arrives."

The foreman had removed the jewels and was engaged in packing them up, so Benjamin felt quite safe in leaving his customer at the empty counter, and going himself for the writing materials.

"I regret, sir, it is all marked with our business address," he said, on returning.

"Oh, it does not matter; I will just scribble a note in pencil."

The task, however, seemed more than the unaccustomed left hand could perform. After witnessing one or two failures, Benjamin offered to write at his dictation. The note ran as follows:

"Send me the money in my desk by bearer. It will be quite safe. I find I have not enough to pay for some jewels I have purchased."

"Thank you," said the customer. "It is at least more legible than my scrawl would have been, and my wife will recognise the messenger, if not the handwriting. I will try to sign it myself."

Now, Benjamin was curious to know who the stranger might be, but a request to call the servant took off his attention for a minute, and when he looked again the note was being folded.

The time passed pleasantly. The gentleman seemed to know all about every royal jewel in Europe, and drew the attention of the jeweller to a ring on his finger, in which was set a ruby of true pigeon-blood hue.

"I have not such a stone in my stock," Benjamin confessed, regarding the gem with admiring eyes.

The man soon returned, and handed to his master a closed envelope, on which was emblazoned a coronet and monogram of intricate design.

The notes it contained had to be supplemented to a small extent with gold from the wallet, and the purchase being completed, the customer drove away with the jewels.

Benjamin Grosmidt, though not easily elated, felt a little exultant at his luck. The last two days had brought him in a large sum.

His caution, however, had not forsaken him for a moment. Putting on his hat, he carried the notes to the bank. They were all right.

That evening he stepped out of his brougham with a lighter step than usual. His wife, who met him at the door, noticed his more than ordinarily good spirits.

"I thought I had done a good day's work yesterday," he said, when they had entered the room; "but to-day's is even better."

"You made a good purchase, dear?" said his wife.

"A sale, you mean, my love," said Benjamin, gently correcting her.

"You mentioned a purchase in your note, dear," responded his better half.

"What note are you talking about?" Benjamin forgot to add any term of endearment.

"The note the young man brought—a clerk from the bank. Here it is. I thought of bringing the money down myself, but you said it would be quite safe. Didn't you get it?"

"Oh, yes," said Benjamin, grimly.

She handed him the note. There it was: his own handwriting: his own initials: his business paper and address. He saw it all.

Benjamin——.

No, he didn't, reader. Being a German, he was a philosopher, and knew it would do no good. He sat down and wrote a telegram to the chief detective to this effect: "Come, if possible, or send trustworthy man at once."

This despatched, he lit his pipe, and told his wife all about it.

The officer came, and Grosmidt laid the case before him, with instructions to keep the matter as quiet as possible.

The manager of the hotel on being interviewed was full of the praises of his illustrious guest, Prince Czarowski, who, accompanied by only one attendant, had honored his house for a few days, keeping strict incog.

The servants were enchanted by his munificence.

His baggage was considerable, but modest for so great a man.

The station-master had placed him in a first-class car, and had seen his servant, at the last moment, take a seat in the second-class car attached.

All thought that the conductor had received orders from headquarters to show the prince courteous attention.

No one ever heard of him or his man again, nor were the jewels recovered.

The baggage alone was traced to its destination, but the porter who took charge of it said that it was claimed by a short, stout gentleman with a black moustache, who "looked like a military cove."

It was put on the roof of a private carriage, and he heard no orders given to the coachman.

HUMILITY is not a want of enterprise, a subtle resource of idleness. The man in the parable with one talent was not a humble man: the apostle was humble who yet cried, "I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." Humility is not a lack of courage: it is not the poverty of spirit which shrinks from encounter. It is not an abandonment of inalienable responsibilities; to God alone we must make account for what we believe and do. Still less is it a false, artificial posture of the soul, a kind of dramatic attitude: or, as men have imagined, an ecclesiastical grimace, the putting on language and looks and a demeanor that might belong to something which is not really felt. Beyond everything else, humility is the victory of truth in the soul and character; it is truth, daring, determining to recognise the insignificance and pollution of a man's real self beneath the purity and majesty of God.

SHADOW-PICTURES.—A true art is claimed as a development of the familiar diversion of making rude figures by the shadow of the hands on the wall. A French artist has added great variety to these shadow pictures, and his fast-increasing list already numbers more than 300 new forms. By patient exercise he has given his hands great suppleness, enabling him not only to represent the most diverse figures upon a screen but to give them motion and life. The swan smoothing its plumage, the bird taking flight, the cat making its toilet, the tight-rope dancer, who, after saluting the public, rubs chalk on her feet before walking on the rope, are among the silhouettes produced of such wonderful accuracy that one can scarcely believe they are shadows of the hands alone.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE RICH.—Poverty-Stricken Nephew: "You don't know what anxiety is: you are so well off."

Rich Uncle: "I rather guess I do know what anxiety is, when there is no telling at what hour of the day some poor relative is going to drop in on me."

Scientific and Useful.

AUTOMATIC LAMP.—An automatic lamp has been invented which goes by clockwork. When the right hour comes, a cap is drawn over the wick, leaving a small blaze; the cap is lifted when the lamp is needed again.

POSTALS.—The new machine invented for printing postal cards, prints them from the roll and turns them out in packages ready for delivery. It runs them off at the rate of 300 a minute, with paper bands pasted around each twenty-five. It is said one man can look after two machines.

ELECTRICITY.—Electricity is now used to propel a dog-cart. The current is provided by sixteen accumulators capable of keeping up a supply for six hours. The cart travels nine miles an hour on asphalt. An electro-magnet with a carrying capacity of 800 pounds is attached to a crane in a Western steel works, which really picks up billets and other masses of iron without the aid of any other device. A boy is thus enabled to do the work of a dozen men.

WRITING TABLE.—A writing table has been introduced in which it is proposed to use a continuous sheet or roll of paper, and it is so constructed as to enable the writer or sketcher to use both sides of the paper without removing it from the tablet. It consists of a frame of wood fitted with side bars, which support a roller or shaft upon which the continuous web or sheet is wound. In turning the shaft in one direction the paper is drawn forward, and as it is written upon it is wound upon another roller.

COPIES OF LETTERS.—A German journal gives the following process for making blotting paper able to give copies of letters: Soak four parts of the best clear glue in a mixture of five parts of pure water and three parts of ammonia liquor until the glue is thoroughly softened. Warm it till the glue is dissolved, and add three parts of granulated sugar and eight parts of glycerine, stirring the whole well, and letting it come to the boiling point. While the mixture is hot, paint it with a broad brush on clean white blotting paper until the latter is thoroughly soaked and a thin coating remains on the surface. Let it dry for two or three days, and it will be ready for use. The writing or sketch to be copied is done with the usual aniline ink on writing paper. Before transferring it to the blotting paper wet the latter with a sponge or brush and clean water, and allow it to stand for one or two minutes. Place the written side on the blotting paper and press out the air bubbles. After a few minutes of gentle pressure, remove the written paper. A number of copies can then be made after the manner of the "graph" processes, from the blotting paper. When the impressions grow faint dampen the surface of the blotting paper again.

Farm and Garden.

THE BEDDING.—Do not be economical with the bedding material. There should be enough to completely absorb all the liquids, as they are worth more than the bedding material.

WEEDS.—Turn under the weeds as soon as they appear. By not permitting them to grow and seed they can be entirely eradicated in a short time. The longer you delay the more difficult the work will be.

OLD FIELDS.—Old fields that have been abandoned should be plowed and a green crop of some kind grown (even if only a few inches of growth can be obtained) and the crop turned under. This is better than to allow it to remain in fallow.

BONE.—Bone is one of the best substances that can be fed to the hens. Ground or broken the bone is highly relished. It not only contains lime for shells, but also nitrogen and the phosphates. It should be kept before the hens, in boxes, all the time.

NOT TO BE USED.—Fresh manure should not be used if it can be avoided, but should be composted and allowed to decompose. If placed on the land it must still undergo a change in the soil before it becomes plant food, which causes too much heat in dry weather.

CHURNING.—A churn should be scalded with boiling water, made alkaline with washing soda. Every particle of milk or cream should be removed. After being well washed the churn should be rinsed by again using boiling water. The work cannot be too carefully done.

THE RULE.—An animal is never at a standstill. It is either increasing or decreasing. The rule should be never to allow an animal to fall off. A pound gained and then lost, is simply doubling the work and food to reproduce it, which not only increases the cost but lessens the profit.

YOUNG STOCK.—Farmers should consider that corn is not a proper food for young stock. It will fatten them, but does not encourage growth. A young animal should be made to secure bone and heavy frame, not flesh. It can be fattened after maturity. It is simply wasteful to feed corn to young stock.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The difference in draft between a mower or reaper with a dull knife and one with a sharp knife is not less than one-third in favor of the latter. A dull knife tears and racks a machine to pieces in a short time, besides wearing out the patience of the user and wasting valuable time in the busiest season of the year.

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Making the Best of It.

What is it to make the best of things? It is to rob life of half its cares and to double its pleasures, to increase light shining through the cloud where others see only blackness; and, finally, it is to make this work-a-day world a garden of delight instead of a place of weariness, and life a thing to be enjoyed instead of simply endured.

"Making the best of a bad job!" How often do we hear these words spoken lightly and without any thought of their real meaning, and yet there is sometimes more heroism in always looking on the bright side of things than in performing grand deeds when carried away by enthusiasm.

There are some people to whom the whole of life is a "bad job," which they are obliged to make the best of—poverty; every day worries and trials of many kinds surround them on every side; their roses seem to have more thorns than other people's, and in their cup of pleasure lurks always the bitter drop.

If they belong to that class who sit down with folded hands and cry "Kismet, I was born under an unlucky star, and it is of no use to resist fate," it will go badly with them, and they will find their troubles harder to bear.

Life, taken at its best, has, after all, more clouds than sunshine, but for this in a great measure we have only ourselves to blame. The man who looks at everything in its most favorable light has far more pleasure in his life than he who succumbs to the first blow, and allows fate to conquer him, forgetting that "man is master of his fate."

There are those who wilfully shut their eyes to the silver lining which shines through every cloud; they go through life in the shade, so to speak, and are always on the lookout for misfortunes. One might almost fancy they felt aggrieved when they failed to find them.

When adversity's icy breath does come near such persons, they abandon themselves to despair, refusing any consolation, and giving themselves up to brooding on their sorrow, feeling quite sure it will get worse instead of better.

Then, when their friends are in trouble, the three who comforted (?) Job in his affliction are nothing to these prophets of ill omen, who shake their heads with an "I-told-you-so" expression, and predict all manner of evil.

They live in an atmosphere where no ray of sunshine is ever admitted; in the chambers of their hearts the blinds are always kept down.

Let us leave them and come where we can see God's sun shining and breathe a purer air.

When sorrow comes to those who make the best of things, it meets with a very different reception. The blow may crush them for a moment, but the next instant they are up again, to use a homely simile, like an indiarubber ball, ready to do battle with their grief and conquer it, instead of allowing it to overcome them.

They first console themselves by thinking how much worse it might have been, and then set to work and try and find a remedy.

They do not act as wet blankets to their friends by constant moaning, for those who look on life's brightest side for themselves invariably impart some of that brightness to the lives of others.

Our life need not necessarily be spoilt because our once cherished idol is made of clay instead of the porcelain we imagined it. There is a bright side still if we look for it.

If our ideal has lost the imaginary qualities with which our foolish fancy invested it, it may possess others more satisfactory and practical; and even if not—well, life can never be very dark to those who have courage to make the best of everything.

It will be made up in other ways; happiness will come in some form or other, for "God helps those who help themselves." We should also do well to remember the old proverb about "crying over spilt milk," for a fearful amount of time is wasted in repining over the "might have been," time which one day we may wish had been turned to better account.

It may be your path in life is like a stretch of dull level country on a gray cheerless winter's day—very few trees, and only an occasional glimpse of sunshine in a watery sky. You have no prominent trouble, but the monotony wearies you, and fills you with disgust. Even a storm would be welcome!

Still, it will be your own fault if you cannot introduce some brightness into even this dull landscape, for, let who will deny it, there is a bright side to every picture.

Make the best of your quiet, uneventful life, lest some day the storm should really burst upon you, when, in unavailing regret, you will yearn with an ardent longing for the calm, peaceful days you once despised.

If it is difficult at first, do not be discouraged and give up; and, above all, do not let a few failures daunt you, but let "Forward" be your motto. "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

How often we feel and know, either pleasurably or painfully, that another is looking on us, before we have ascertained the fact with our own eyes! How often we prophesy truly to ourselves the approach of friend or enemy just before either has really appeared! How strangely and abruptly we become convinced, at a first introduction, that we shall secretly love this person and loathe that, before experience has guided us with a single fact in relation to their characters!

How many bitter thoughts does the innocent man avoid! Serenity and cheerfulness are his portion. Hope is continually pouring its balm into his soul. His heart is at rest, whilst others are goaded and tortured by the stings of a wounded conscience, the remonstrances and risings up of principles which they cannot forget; perpetually teased by returning temptations, perpetually lamenting defeated resolutions.

Always be ready to do a kindness; always on the watch for opportunities of showing kindness; always be charitable towards the failings of others, yet without miscalling good and evil; always have a soothing word for the weary, and an encouraging word for the fainthearted; yet all this, not for the sake of attracting praise, but out of a simple and sincere and Christian benevolence; out of a love which reflects the echoes love.

For general improvement a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

We all complain of the shortness of time and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

In its primary signification, all vice, that is, all excess, brings on its own punishment, even here. By certain fixed, settled and established laws of him who is the God of nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution which temperance would preserve. The debauchee offers up his body a "living sacrifice" to sin.

Patience is only one faculty; earnestness the devotion of all the faculties. Earnestness is the cause of patience; it gives endurance, overcomes pain, braves dangers, strengthens weakness, sustains hope, makes light of difficulties, and lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them.

Patience! why, it is the soul of peace; of all the virtues, it is nearest kin to heaven; it makes men look like gods. The best of men that ever wore earth about him was a Sufferer—a soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on weekdays.

There have been human hearts, constituted just like ours, for six thousand years. The same stars rise and set upon this globe that rose upon the plains of Shinar or along the Egyptian Nile; and the same sorrows rise and set in every age.

Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet and from it learn the all.

The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected will always continue to prompt us to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter.

What persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such times, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion, but intervals best discover the man.

We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stopping over the ordinary ones that lie directly in the road before us.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

People have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the control of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excesscaused men to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty.

The World's Happenings.

Four hundred Harvard students are taking boxing lessons.

A handsomely colored wild duck in enamel is a pleasing pattern in scarf-pins.

Paper treated with a mixture of camphor-oil and linseed oil becomes water-proof.

In Brooklyn May 23 is St. Children's day—the day of the great Sunday-school parades.

A Pittsburg man has invented a cigar-holder which enables a man to smoke five cigars at once.

Dried sharks' fins are found in every Chinese store in New York, and sell for $4 per pound.

A steel car wheel is expected to run 30,000 miles, but very few of them ever make that distance.

The bearded woman who recently died in a Chicago dime museum left a wife and seven children.

In Sweden and Norway it is a crime to make any profit on the sale of liquor; it must be dispensed at cost.

Cats are in demand in the western part of Kansas, according to an exchange, which quotes them at $1 apiece.

The cigarette still continues its deadly work. Its latest victim is Josiah Williams, aged 13, of Shelbyville, Ind.

Of the five children born to a Canada man three have died upon Good Friday and been buried on Easter Sunday.

A Vermont minister has preached 121 funeral sermons, with net returns of 3 barrels of apples and a silver dollar.

There are 16,310 newspapers and periodicals in the United States, a gain of 800 in 12 months, and of 7136 in 10 years.

A Chicago newspaper makes the statement that a railroad train arrives or departs from that city every minute of the day.

A farmer named Walton, living near Byron, Ga., has five married daughters whose aggregate weight is over 1000 pounds.

There is not a cross-eyed base ball player in the country. It is a general superstition that a cross-eyed man would irretrievably hoo-doo the game.

An order which a little girl presented to a Lewiston, Me., druggist, recently, read: "Mister Druggist—Please send ipecac enough to throw up a 4-year-old girl."

In the East End of London some women receive but 9 cents each for making knickerbocker suits for children. Such poor women sleep huddled in cellars.

An entire family, together with their dog, were among those received recently as vagrants at the work-house in Xenia, Ohio. They are to serve out a 30-day sentence.

Another horse has been fitted with spectacles. It belongs in Erie, Pa., and the restoration of its ability to see distinctly is said to have increased the animal's value more than $100.

An unique sign attracts attention to the show case in front of a St. Louis chiropodist's office. The letters are made of corns. The periods between the words are represented by bunions.

A German in Minneapolis named Klein has three sons. Of these one has studiously retained the family name, while the two others have translated it into its equivalents—Little and Small.

A citizen of Waverly, Mich., walked right through the handsome plate glass window of a Kalamazoo bank a few days ago. He said afterward that the glass was so clear that he took it for an open door.

A sharp Maine constable opened a cement barrel the other day on suspicion. He found it packed solidly with sand, wet down, and in the middle of the barrel was a twenty-gallon keg of whisky.

Students of both sexes are admitted to McGill College, Toronto, but they are instructed in separate classes. This does not suit the young women, who have just signed a petition asking for absolute co-education.

Two boys, aged 14 years, essayed as highwaymen in Lawrence, Mass., and "held up" two clerks at the point of a revolver while they rifled their pockets. Sensational literature is said to be the cause of their exploit.

Peter Anderson, a Swede, living in Terre Haute, Ind., is the champion eater for miles around. Physicians who have examined him say he has a double stomach. On a wager not long ago he drank 20 gallons of water in 24 hours.

A German who walked most of the way from Texas to Boonville, Ind., where he was to marry a young woman, was nearly 6 months in reaching his prospective bride. The couple are now wedded and have gone to Kansas.

Two prominent St. Louis men have engaged in litigation over the ownership of a duck valued at 25 cents. The preliminary suit made costs, in addition to attorney fees, of $25, and now the case has been taken to the Circuit Court.

A German newspaper tells of an old gypsy fiddler who awoke one night to find his hut flooded with water, and who, having no movable goods except an old bedstead, a stool and a bass viol, seated himself on the latter and paddled to dry land, using one of the slats of his bed as an oar.

Some lads who discovered a bird's nest under the roof of a railroad bridge in Findlay, Ohio, found that it contained not eggs, but a silk handkerchief, in which were wrapped three dozen plain gold rings. The jewelry was given to the Chief of Police, so that he might, if possible, discover the owner.

Mrs. Maggie Junce, who lived on a farm near Lancaster, Pa., was attacked by a rooster while gathering some eggs and had her hand painfully lacerated in the encounter. Two or three days after the occurrence the hand became inflamed, and the unfortunate woman finally died in great pain, her death, it is said, being due to lockjaw.

HER WRONGS.

BY C. CROSLAND.

Yes, she forgot them!—Angry words
That cut the heart like sharpest swords;
Yes, she forgot them!—Unjust deeds,
The wrong that envy surely breeds
In meaner natures! but no stir
Of baser passions marred in her
The conquering power of purer thought,
Ever remembering Who had taught:
"Father, they know not what they do.
Forgive them!"—and she wished it so.
Wrongs, she forgot them, one by one,
Though never yet a kindness done.

The Runaways.

BY M. LONGMAN.

THE same year that Lady Jane Magnus presented her beautiful daughter Adela, Lord Glencore was the match of the season. Just of age, of an old family, with vast possessions, and a heavy rent-roll, swelled by a long minority, the instant the hawk-like eye of Lady Jane fell on the long peer, a thrill of joy assured her that there stood the husband Providence had provided for Adela.

Little mattered it to Lady Jane that Lord Glencore was silent, awkward, most painfully shy, given to blush to the very roots of his hair if a woman but addressed the most commonplace remark to him.

Adela had been too carefully trained to pin her faith to externals. Besides, as regarded marriage, Lady Jane always arranged these little affairs for her daughters.

She had brought out three before the advent of the lovely Adela, and not one of them, she inwardly boasted, had ever had reason to fling a syllable of reproach at their mother.

"You think it is all right, mother, do you?" Adela ventured to say, growing a little uneasy when the end of the season drew near, and Lord Glencore had never addressed a single remark to her which could by any possibility be construed into love.

"Perfectly right, dear. The society papers have coupled your names together; an approaching marriage has more than once been hinted at, and, as a matter of course, now, wherever people ask us he is asked."

"I know; still other people are not the same as he."

"Quite the same. I understand the position perfectly well, my love. Men of his kind would remain silent until doomsday, unless a suggestion was made to them."

"Well, but——"

"Dear child, you may leave it to me. Don't you think so?" And an expression of mild reproach was shot from the maternal eye. "Do you fancy that, if I saw the slightest shadow of uncertainty, I should accept Sir Jocelyn's invitation for Goodwood, knowing that Glencore won't be there?"

"Won't he! Why, where is going?"

"Nowhere. I ascertained that, you may be sure. He is obliged to remain in town. There'll not be a soul left for him to speak to. Some business with his lawyers, he said—and said it in a very pointed way too."

"Stammering and getting fiery red," said the would-be fiancee disdainfully.

Lady Jane shook her head. "Never mind the manner; it is the meaning we are concerned in. He joins us immediately after at Thorndean. There you will see that everything will be satisfactorily arranged. Lady Somerton has such a happy way of letting young people be thrown together, and, from the first, I have seemed to be very much guided by her."

Adela embraced her mother with graceful effusion.

"How clever you are!" she said admiringly; "you have managed beautifully! for I did want to enjoy Goodwood free. When I am a countess, mamma, it shall be very nice for you."

* * * * * *

Certainly Goodwood week had left London wonderfully empty. You did not meet a soul you knew.

Lord Glencore repeated this fact to himself most cheerily as he walked along Piccadilly with a heart and step as light as a bird's.

It seems an impossible circumstance that a stalwart young giant, standing over six feet in his stockings, his own master, able to do what he liked and go where he chose, should be in abject thraldom to a plain little middle-aged woman who was bent on compelling him to marry her daughter. "And I feel as if I should be made to do it, too," poor Glencore had said of late, driven into his last corner by the congratulations of all Lady Jane's friends, to say nothing of those horrid paragraphs in those horrid papers, some of which had gone so far as to mention an early date being fixed "for the marriage of a lovely *debutante* of this season and a young earl recently of age, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror."

Glencore had it in his heart to envy the shopman, the cab-drivers, the crossing-sweepers—to envy any one not singled out by Lady Jane Magnus to be her son-in-law.

If he could but pluck up courage to say he did not mean anything, never had meant anything, never meant to mean anything—that he was quite happy as he was—that he never intended to marry any one—what would he not give!

But in face of that terrible Lady Jane and her lovely statuesque daughter, he felt paralyzed and filled with an abject conviction that he would have to succumb. If he had only some one to confide in, some one whose advice he felt was given for his good! but the poor young fellow stood, as the possessors of vast properties often do, absolutely friendless and alone. His kindly, simple nature was despised by those around him.

Without parents or any near relatives, he had been brought up by strangers, who had surrounded him by such unnecessary cares and ridiculous precautions, that now, when he was a man with full liberty given, he was no more able to make good use of it than a grown-up baby would be.

Full of a wild scheme which had lately come to him, that he would run off to some far distant country, he was mapping out the details as he walked along, so occupied that he forgot how far he had come, until with a sudden start he pulled himself up.

He was passing the Albert Hall, close to that pleasant row of houses in one of which lived Lady Jane.

The knowledge that he could walk boldly by and fling a look of defiance at the papered windows and closed shutters, as he had done the day before, sent a thrill of satisfaction through the young man.

He drew himself up and turned his head to——when, oh agony! exactly as he was opposite to it the door opened and a voice called out "Glencore!"

"Freddy! Is it you?" Lord Glencore managed to say, seeing he was addressed by a weasel-faced young gentleman between sixteen and seventeen. "Why, how came you here? Is-s-s your mother—Lady Jane—with you?"

Freddy's eyes were apparently so educated that in order to give full expression to one he was forced to shut the other, and regarding Lord Glencore through this single optic he said, "You bet. If she was, I shouldn't be here."

Glencore's heart seemed restored to its native position.

"I'm very glad to see you," he said, closing his hand over the little fin Freddy had extended to him; "it's quite a surprise to me."

"Here, I say," said the astute Freddy significantly, "what's up? How is it you ain't down there with them?"

"Well, I couldn't—I have—that is—there is some business for me."

Freddy's eyelid went down like the cover of a box.

"Exactly; just so," he said airily, putting his thumbs into his armholes. "My case all over. I'm at my tutor's, you see, so please to remember that it isn't possible for you to have seen me."

Glencore laughed cheerily. "All right," he said; "you are quite safe with me—but what on earth are you up to?"

This question seemed prompted by the sight of a nondescript dogcart just led up to the door. "Are you all by yourself here?"

"There's Harris, my old nurse, and Jim, her husband—our butler he used to be—and Peggy. You know Peg, don't you?"

"Peg! No, I don't think I do."

"I say," exclaimed Freddy, "isn't it a beastly shame the way they always try to shunt her? and she's just as good as anybody. Her father was my father's eldest son, only he married his tutor's daughter, and my lady set the governor on to cut up rough about it. So the poor chap got the kick-out and then he died, and so did his wife, and a jolly good thing for me, too, or I should have had to sing small. Only wait till I'm master, though, and if they try it on with Peggy then, I'll let them know. She's older than I am, but at the same, I'm her uncle, and—I say, you'll be her uncle, too, if you marry Adda, and you're going to, ain't you?"

Lord Glencore blushed furiously, and Freddy, taking silence for consent, added with a snort of supreme contempt "It's a jolly thing for her I ain't you. Catch me marrying Adda! Oh yes, rather!"

Not desirous of pursuing this topic further, Lord Glencore put a question.

"You're not going to drive that," he said, nodding towards the horse, a most vicious looking screw, "are you?"

"Why not? he's a real good one to go. Come in and see us start; it's capital fun. We'd a regular crowd round us yesterday. Any one else but Peg would have been frightened to death."

Incited by curiosity Lord Glencore obeyed Freddy's invitation.

"We keep all the front well shut," said Freddy as he marshalled the way to a den at the far end of the narrow hall. Passing the stairs he gave vent to a shrill whistle, answered by a similar one which might have been taken as its echo.

"Ain't you ready?" was piped up from below.

"Coming," answered a girl's voice, and at the same instant with the word, down the flight of stairs, flop on the mat, came a figure which, through the cloud of dust sent up, Lord Glencore surmised must be Peggy.

"I'm so sorry. I thought it was only Freddy—I—" and then, better able to see who stood there, she gave vent to an agonized "Oh Lord Glencore!" and seemed unable to say more.

Freddy, who was enjoying her confusion to the full, here burst in with, "Don't mind him; he's square enough, ain't you?"

"Certainly I am;" and then, turning to Peggy, he said, "I've never had the pleasure of seeing you here, have I?"

"No."

"But you've seen him, haven't you, Peg? And once don't you remember when the door opened and I scuttled off and your frock caught and you tumbled down? Oh, I say, what a game! It was a shaver we weren't caught that time."

Poor Peggy's face was like a beet-root.

"There wasn't anything to see," she said to Lord Glencore reassuringly; "it really wasn't for that we looked, but I—I was so curious to know what you were like,"; and she gesticulated violently to Freddy behind Lord Glencore's back.

"What's the harm?" responded the young gentleman expostulatively. "You'd do the same if you were packed off into a cock-loft of a garret, wouldn't you? That's what they do with her—stick her anywheres out of the way."

"No, Freddy, no," Lord Glencore from out the corner of his eye saw her say, and, hoping to change the conversation, he said:

"I'm afraid I'm making you lose the best of the day. I came in to see you start."

Perhaps Peggy fathomed his kind effort, for she looked at him fairly for the first time.

"Yes?" and she gave him a little shy smile, "did you?"

"It's very pleasant, a drive out of town now. Where are you going?"

"To Richmond Park," answered the irrepressible Freddy. "Would you like to go too? We'll take you; there's heaps of room behind. Why—why shouldn't he?" This was evidently in answer to more pantomime from Peggy.

"You don't want me—would rather I didn't go?"

Lord Glencore had turned suddenly round and was asking this question of the young girl.

"Oh, no; it isn't that, only I'm afraid——" and here Peggy stopped and blushed furiously. For a wonder Glencore did not catch the complaint. Quite persuasively he said, "But do let me; it's what I should so enjoy."

There was an instant's pause, and then they all began laughing; and good fellowship being thus established, some twenty minutes later the three, Lord Glencore behind, Freddy driving, and Peggy by his side, were on the road to Richmond.

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It might be tedious to detail all the folly that fell from the lips of this trio as under Freddy's guidance they pursued their way.

Their united years did not make up the sober age of sixty, and they had the spirits of school-boys out for a holiday. Lord Glencore had never felt so much at his ease before; none of those who in society knew him would have recognized him as the same shy individual.

The hours flew like minutes. It was 5 o'clock when they thought it 3; and then to have looked at the time would not have occurred to anybody, only that Peggy, heaving a tremendous sigh, had supposed it would soon be time to think of returning home.

The horse, that was so good at going, we have omitted to state, had, at a certain small hostelry, "Goat and Compass" by name, shown signs of rebellion. Stir from that door he would not, and Lord Glencore, to cut short the difficulty, had proposed that they should leave the brute there to get a feed, while they took a stroll in the park.

Returning from this walk they passed the "Star and Garter."

"I say, a dinner in there wouldn't be half bad fun," said Freddy.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Glencore.

"Why, have you ever been there?"

"Yes, I dined there twice this season with Lady Jane and your sister."

And a chill ran through the young man as he recalled the dreariness of those solemn ordeals.

"Oh!" said Freddy, drawing in his back as if about to succumb, while Peggy burst out laughing.

A bright inspiration came suddenly to Glencore.

"Why shouldn't we stop here now," he said, "have dinner, and go home after?"

Freddy and Peggy came to a sudden standstill, absolutely dumb with the brilliancy of the proposition.

"That's what we'll do," continued the enthusiastic Glencore; and he made as if to turn in at the door, but Peggy stopped him.

"I don't think we can," and she looked at Freddy significantly.

"No," came the answer, a trifle crest-fallen. "I expect they wouldn't stand tick in there," was added by way of explanation.

"That isn't of any consequence to you," exclaimed Glencore. "It's as my guests I invite you. Think how often your mother has entertained me."

"Oh, I'm not proud," laughed the delighted Freddy. "Isn't this first-rate, Peg? Come on."

But Peggy still hesitated.

"I don't know whether I ought—whether it's quite right with you," and though her face was turned to both, her eyes were fixed on Glencore.

"And I your uncle that is," exclaimed Freddy, "and he going to be. Shut up, do."

And, considering this speech to be conclusive, Freddy cut short further discussion by at once turning into the hotel

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Well, if any dinner ever was a success, that one was.

What they had, or how the courses came, not one of them knew, but, to quote Freddy, everything was A. 1, and plenty of fizz with it. Undoubtedly the fizz set all their tongues running faster than before.

Gradually on Freddy it began to have a slightly composing effect, so that, the dogcart having been sent for and brought to the door, he magnanimously insisted that going home he would sit behind and leave the ribbons to be handled by Glencore.

The clock struck 9 before they were fairly off, and then, Peggy exclaiming at the lateness of the hour, Glencore said:

"But it won't matter much, will it?"

"No," said Peggy a trifle bitterly. "Harris knows I'll look after Freddy, and there's no one to bother about what becomes of me."

"You have neither father nor mother, have you?"

Glencore put the question gently, and, not waiting for her answer, went on to tell her that he too had lost his parents when a child, and was, like her, lonely, with no one to care for him.

"Yes," she said, "but you're a man with lots of money, and I'm poor and dependent; and then it's horrid to be a girl. Ever since I can remember I've heard nothing else but all I owe to everybody, as if it was my fault that I owe anything to them. I can't help having been born. Here I am, and until I die here I must stay. Not dependent, though. I've only waited to be taught something. I've had to owe that much to grandmamma."

Lord Glencore remained silent, and, thinking that probably her troubles were of no interest to him, Peggy changed the subject.

Directing his attention to Freddy, now silently sleeping, she managed to prop the lad up into a more comfortable position, and assented to Lord Glencore's remark that he did not seem like the rest of the family.

Then silence fell on them, and for a time not a word was spoken.

Suddenly, as if from out of what she was thinking, Peggy said abruptly:

"Are you very much in love with Adda."

"If I'm not in love with her at all."

"But you're going to marry her?"

"Who says I am?"

"Why, everybody; and grandmamma, I know, means you to."

"I see, and that makes you think it quite certain?"

Peggy laughed contemptuously. "I wouldn't make it certain with me," she said, "but men seem different; what she chooses they do. Oh, I haven't patience to think of it," and the great brown eyes she turned on Glencore sparkled indignantly. "Why, do you think unless I loved somebody dearly, I'd marry him to please grandmamma? Never! she knows that as well as I do. She may ill-treat me, but she can't make me do what I won't; I'd die rather. Shall I tell you what I mean to do?"—she was speaking very fast and excitedly—"I mean to run away. You'll promise me not to tell any one, won't you? I mean to go very soon now—if I can, before they come home. Other girls earn their own livings, so why shouldn't I? I'm not stupid, I'm awfully strong."

"But where will you go?"

"Oh, I know, but that I don't mean to tell. Perhaps I oughtn't to have said a word about it to you, but it slipped out, and you won't betray me, will you? most of all, don't breathe a word to Adda; she hates me, and—well, there's no use disguising it—I hate her. When you're married to her——"

"Which I never shall be," interrupted Lord Glencore decidedly. Peggy faced round and looked her surprise at him.

"Don't look like that at me," he said hastily; "I mean what I say."

"You do? Oh, I am awfully sorry."

"For her or for me?"

"I don't think I was thinking of either of you. It was for myself—there's so few ever care to be kind to me."

"And you think I should be?"

Peggy didn't trust herself to speak, but her head nodded assent.

"Let me tell a secret to you, Peggy"—he quite unconsciously called her by her name. "Do you know that I mean to run away, too?"

"You!"

"Yes; only I want somebody to run away with me. Can you guess who?"

"No."

"Somebody I've seen to-day."

"To-day!"

The eyes of each looked into the other's questioningly.

"Can't you guess who?"

Lord Glencore's voice came tremulously.

"Oh, you know," he said, "I see you do."

"Me!" Peggy spoke the word breathlessly.

"Yes, you. You will go, won't you? You've no one to care for you, and I have nobody to care for me. Why shouldn't we care for each other? I'd try and make you happy, and I'd certainly be good to you, and in time you might get to—well, to like me, you know.

"In time! why, I like you, now."

"You do? Oh, Peggy!"

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"I say! what's up with you two?" It was Freddy speaking—Freddy, whose very existence they had forgotten, but who, in common with all sleepers, awoke at the very moment he was not wanted to.

"What do you think?" said Glencore, in a whisper; "had we better tell him?"

"Yes," said Peggy; "up to here now my only friend has been Freddy."

So Freddy, thoroughly wide awake now, was desired to lean forward, and between them the two conveyed what it was their intention to do.

"I say, what a chouse for Adda!" roared Freddy delightedly; "but here, you know you'll have to marry Peggy."

"Certainly; of course that's what we mean to do."

"Do we"? said Peggy, "oh my! why, I never thought of that!"

"Did'nt you?" said Freddy, assuming the air of a Mentor, "but I did though. You must be Lady Glencore before I see the last of you."

"But, Freddy, think of grandmamma; you would get into the most awful trouble. No, it would never do."

"Stuff and rubbish!" and Freddy snapped his fingers; "what, I should like to know, can a couple of women do? Besides, I'm not going to blab on myself—never fear. How can I help it if, while I am ruralizing with my tutor, you choose to bolt with Glencore?"

* * * * * *

Arrived at Thorndean, happy and unsuspecting, Lady Jane and her daughter waited for Lord Glencore in vain.

Even to "dear Lady Somerton" not a line had come from him. As every one said, it was so strange, so incomprehensible.

"You don't think anything could have happened to him, Lady Jane?"

With a brave spirit worthy of a better woman, Lady Jane answered that she did not feel anxious in the least.

Lord Glencore had spoken to her of having several most important things to settle, and naturally at times such as these—Lady Jane was forced into a little vagueness of speech—a thousand things cropped up which one had never dreamed of before.

Still her heart began to have misgivings, and her courage to sink a little lower, when all was revived by a paragraph in one of the papers informing all whom it did not concern that Messrs. Bullion & Gold had been intrusted with the family jewels by Lord Glencore with the view of ascertaining which had best be reset to suit their future lovely owner.

"Adda!" Lady Jane signalled to her daughter to follow her, and in their own room she pointed out the notice.

"Mother! Oh, I am so glad. I kept on thinking of those jewels. Everybody says the diamonds are more than lovely."

"What a droll creature though!" exclaimed Lady Jane, "without saying a word to you! I wonder whether he fancies we are getting the trousseau ready."

"I shan't do that; it's so unlucky. I wish he would settle it though. I want it settled now. Couldn't you write, mamma?"

"My dear, I have written."

"And had no answer?"

"Not a line. Col. Gossett called, as he was asked, at the house in town, and was told that Lord Glencore was away, his address not known, nor when he would return."

"Extraordinary!"

"It is, but we must remember he is a very extraordinary young man."

"I don't want reminding of that," and Adda sighed lugubriously, "if he wasn't an earl."

"No, no, no, dear. Never mind. Things of that sort are better not said even to me. In this world we must not expect to have everything, you know, and women are spared a great deal by not being too infatuated with the man they are going to marry."

"Only this is such an awkward position to be placed in. I don't mind so much here, but we are due at the Fallowfields on Tuesday, and if he does not turn up there, what then?"

"Oh, I don't mean to wait longer. I shall go to town myself—that is, if we don't hear—and question his majordomo. If there is anything to find out, you may safely trust to me."

"It's more than a fortnight now," said Adda discontentedly.

Lady Jane sighed. "There seems to be nothing else for me than worry."

"What more?"

"Oh, well, I didn't want to bother you, and if everything else was going right, I shouldn't let this trouble me. It's a letter I had from Harris. She says that Peggy, if you please, has chosen to run away from home. Harris hopes I won't worry myself, or blame her, as the young lady has had it in her mind for some time. That's gratitude, you know—after all I've done for her."

"I'm sure I should let her be. She'll never come to any good end, that girl. Haven't I always said so?"

"All I hope is, she'll take another name; ours is such a very peculiar one."

"And if Glencore came to know, it might be very unpleasant for me."

"Oh, that need in no way give you any trouble. Be very certain that there is some one objectionable in every family. Of course some inquiries will have to be made, but, beyond telling Harris to keep the thing quiet, I can't at present take any steps in the matter."

"Very likely she's back again by this time."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Lady Jane absently; and then, after a moment's pause, she added, "I've been thinking. Suppose before we go to the Fallowfields I was to write to them, and manage to bring in something about whether they expected Glencore. It's just possible that they may have heard from him."

Adda considered this an excellent idea, and Lady Jane put it at once into execution, managing to insert a question of apparently burning interest which needed an immediate reply.

The reply came, and in a postscript the writer was so sorry that Lord Glencore was prevented coming to them, fearing it might be a disappointment to Adda.

"My dear," said Lady Jane, "I must go to town. I dare say Lady Somerton will guess why, although I shall invent some reason to give her. I fear I was indiscreet in losing sight of this young man. But don't despair; nothing is beyond remedy. If I can only find out where he is, rest assured this will never happen again."

"I always thought you were too sanguine," said Adda, ready to vent her displeasure on everybody. "I don't believe he ever wanted to marry me, only you would have it he did."

Lady Jane went to London, was absent a week, and then returned a sadder but not a wiser woman. Not a trace could she find of Glencore, not a word had she heard of him.

"And Peggy?" said Adda; "what about her?"

"Not a syllable. She had been gone a week and more before Harris wrote to me. It seems, however, a planned thing. She had had it in her mind at least a year."

"I wonder," said Adda, "will he ever turn up again?" Her thoughts had reverted to Lord Glencore.

"Of course he will," said Lady Jane decidedly; "and we must profit by the lesson we have learned from him. Now, my dear, go off and tell Stevens to come to me. I have a trying ordeal before me to answer all the questions that the people here will put. I heard them in fits of laughter over their afternoon tea. I begged Lady Somerton to excuse me until dinner. I really didn't feel as if I could face them then. Ah, Adda," and Lady Jane nodded her head mournfully, "perhaps some day, when you have daughters of your own, you may know. Talk of martyrs! You have only to look at mothers."

That evening, when Lady Jane joined the guests assembled in the drawing-room, she noticed that every one looked at her with with an air of inquiry.

It had been agreed at the request of the hostess that not a word on a subject uppermost in the minds of all of them should be mentioned until after dinner.

Poor Lady Jane, sitting in a fool's paradise, actually fancied the object of her absence had lost its interest to everybody. Alas! a mine was about to explode, and Lady Somerton, nettled at the want of confidence shown, was the one to set the match.

Advancing to the comfortable armchair in which, the ladies having returned to the drawing-room, her smiling guest was reclining, she said:

"Of course, dear Lady Jane, you have seen the announcement in the *Times* of to-day?"

"No, indeed; I waited until I got here to look at the paper," and she stretched out her hand for it languidly. "Anything of interest?"

"To you, yes, of great interest, I should say. Listen. 'On the 12th of September, at St. Simon's Church, Battlesea, Peggy, only child of the late Wynford Magnus, Esq., to Harold William, tenth Earl of Glencore.'"

Adda gave a bound.

"Peggy!" she shrieked. "Mother! Oh!"

But Lady Jane interrupted her. With a supreme effort the modern martyr rose to the occasion.

"Be calm, dear child," she said. "See what your coldness has driven him to. However, poor fellow, in spite of his disappointment he was determined, it seems, to marry one of the family."

Hidden Treasure.

BY S. C. J.

OVER a small stream, about thirty miles from Constantinople, is a bridge which has had its full measure of fame in its way. It is a narrow bridge, and along the marshy banks of the stream that it crosses grow the bushes and shrubs that are used to make charcoal in the powder factory near St. George, and the water course is partly fed from a hidden source in what was called the Devil's Cave, which is near by.

At the edge of the marshy brook stands a tiny guard-house, in which four Turkish soldiers are stationed—poor, thin, fever-worn wretches who have to hold each other's guns as the time approaches for their chill to come on, and who altogether could not muster strength enough to oppose any one who felt inclined to resist their authority in this fever-stricken spot.

The mouth of the Devil's Cave is within sight of the bridge, and instead of attributing the fever, so prevalent in the neighborhood, to the marshy ground and stagnant water, the people have a superstition that it came from the influence of the evil spirits which dwelt in this cave, which is regarded with fear and terror by all who have heard of it, or who live in its vicinity.

There are stories current of the piercing screams and doleful groans to be heard after nightfall within its gruesome shades, and no one who lives there could be forced to enter it after dark.

In 1805, or thereabouts, something happened which called attention very strongly towards this very cave and its vicinity. The taxes from the interior of Turkey and her dependencies are collected by men appointed for the purpose, and the money, in silver, is placed in strong bags and slung across mules' backs.

Sometimes there will be a train of sixty mules, each charged with silver *en route* for Constantinople. To protect the bridge at Yerimbourgas these four sick soldiers are stationed; and up to the period of which we speak there had been no robbery at this bridge, though the one on the other side of the hill had been the scene of many bloody encounters; hence its name.

But once when the train bearing the treasure came down the road to pass the bridge, it seemed that as if in a second the earth grew men like mushrooms out of nothing. The guard was overpowered, some of the escort were put to flight and some were killed, and the mules and the treasure disappeared in the darkness when they had passed so many dangers in safety before reaching the place.

Of course there was a great stir made, and the country was scoured far and wide. Osman Pasha, who lived but a few miles from the spot, took a guard of soldiers and went to this cave, but he could find no trace of the treasure, the mules, or three persons had been captured and tortured to make them tell something of which they were entirely innocent.

When later it became known that the Sultan's jewel-room had been robbed in broad daylight of a large tray of most valuable unset jewels, all Turkey was thrown into a fever of excitement.

It was the Sultan Abdul Medjid who was robbed; he who was known and loved for his gentleness and nobleness. He had been to say his prayers, like all good Mussulmans, and then to eat his dinner; and while at dinner his jewel-room had been entered, and this tray full of jewels carried off.

There was no one whom the officers could suspect, no one who would have approached the Sultan's jewel-room unperceived, unless it were two Croatians who worked near that part of the garden of the palace that day.

These two unfortunates, who were brothers, were seized and searched. Not the slightest thing was found in their possessions which would tend to criminate them, but still it was thought that they might have had confederates, that they were given over to the prison authorities, who put them to torture again and again on the rack to make them confess, but always uselessly.

At last the chief prison authority thought of a method of making them confess, knowing them to be brothers.

He had them brought out together, and announced his intention of applying "the bell" to the younger brother, hoping that the elder would speak to save his brother, though he would not for himself. The bell was made of iron, shaped like a hogshead and about the same size, and hung upon a chain held by an immense crane.

The bell was heated red hot and let down over the doomed man's head to the floor, inclosing him in its fiery embrace. Whether the brothers were innocent or not, no one ever knew.

They both denied, and both passed under the bell. One, the elder, died in its fiery torture, while the other was burned so that his face, hands, and arms were horribly disfigured ever afterwards, and he was left totally blind.

His lips were burned away, leaving his white teeth showing for ever in a horrid, mocking smile.

The treasure was not discovered, and no one ever thought of connecting the two robberies.

Whoever had committed them was evidently afraid to make use of the results, and the whole affair was hidden in absolute mystery. The unfortunate Croat was allowed to beg his bread in the Grand Rue de Pera, partly to strike terror to the hearts of possible malefactors, and partly because the prison keepers, hard-hearted as they are, could not bear to submit the poor wretch to further torture.

There may be some who think that nobody is put to torture in these days, but the writer of this article had a cousin by marriage hung up his heels, with his head in a tank of boiling quicklime, until all his hair and scalp were burned off, and his sight was destroyed.

This was a noble youth of nineteen, and he was suspected by the Turks of carrying despatches during the late Russo-Turkish war for the benefit of the Russians. He is now insane in the hospital at the Steven Towers.

After this, there were few arrests and no torturing.

One night a poor young fellow who kept a very small tobacco shop in St. George, where he sold tobacco to the men who worked in Baroutji Bashi's powder factory in the valley below the village of St. George, which crowns the hill, had a dream.

It was a remarkable dream, and he thought a good deal of it during the day. But the young man—Georgio, by name—was by nature a very silent person, and so never spoke of it.

The next night he dreamed again, and the next night—always the same. He seemed to see himself standing in front of the little foot bridge which spanned the stream which came from the Devil's Cave, and somehow he felt as if he knew that the stolen money and jewels were all there for him to take.

He did not stop to question the right or wrong of it. He only considered that he had had a revelation from the other world, and that he had a right to do what the spirits had given the sign of.

The third day he arose, and went to the village priest, for he was a devout Greek in religion, and got a little holy water; and with that, some charms in each shoe, and bits of holy relics around his neck, he felt safe from any evil spirits which might inhabit the Devil's Cave; and waiting until dark he made his way direct to the little foot bridge.

He reached it, and sank to his knees in the marshy soil as he crept in under it, and began to dig.

In a few minutes he discovered the bags of silver money, and then, searching among them, he came to a small iron box. He seemed to know that this contained the jewels, though he had no reason to suspect that they were there.

At all events, he found the box; and taking that, he crept along to the entrance of the cave, and entered there, feeling his way as best he could until he came to the staircase which led to the room above the main entrance.

When he reached this room he looked about by the feeble glow of a tallow candle until he found a little niche, in which he hid his precious box, covering it with some of the guano with which the floors are covered, from the myriads of bats which make this place their home.

After hiding the box, he set about carrying bags of silver in, and hiding them in different places, covering them in the same way.

He worked steadily at this until morning was about to dawn, when he returned to his home, and slept nearly all day, pretending to feel sick, which was an occurrence not at all unusual with the people who inhabited that part of Turkey with its malarial marshes.

The following two nights he passed in the same way, and by hard work managed to transport all the bags into the cave. When this was done, he set about getting a stock of provisions, and this he carried unobserved to this place and hid.

He was a smart, shrewd fellow, far beyond the average of his race, who are noted everywhere for their intelligence; and whether it was that he was one of those who robbed the train, no one can can know, but he certainly could not have robbed the jewel-room; so that, in spite of the very natural disbelief one might have in his singularly realized dream, there is always something unexplainable.

But, be that as it may, he afterwards said that he had been one of the party

who had once, with some engineers who were laying out the railroad for Adrianople, tried to explore this cave, and that he had been struck by the appearance of a lateral opening, and a day or so afterwards he had returned alone, supplied with several reels of cord and lights, and he had discovered what was evidently the real out.

This let was partly natural, partly artificial; and it was so straight that there was no difficulty in following it.

He passed one night and part of a night in it, discovering to his surprise that there was an outlet behind shrubs and rocks near the shore at San Stefano.

The secret would now give him safety in carrying off his treasure. Hither he brought a large boat which he bought in Constantinople.

But there was still another treasure that he could not leave behind, and that was a young Greek girl named Urania. She was betrothed to another man, but she loved Georgio, and he, meeting her upon a lonely hill-side near the cave, persuaded her to leave the flock she tended, and follow him.

Doubtless the lover painted strange pictures of the great world she would see but he kept his word better than lovers generally do.

Her disappearance added new terror to the cave.

How long they were in getting their heavy treasure to the boat is not known, but they finally succeeded, and one moonless night they set sail for Syria, a small island belonging to Greece.

They reached there safely, were married at once, and, procuring a suitable outfit, went to Piraeus, where they took a French steamer for Marseilles.

There they changed their bulky silver for gold, and went on to Paris, where Georgio presented himself as a diamond merchant.

He disposed of most of his jewels in Paris and the rest in London, where they went soon after, and from there they took a steamer for America, whither they are living to-day, he being a very wealthy man, as it is natural to suppose.

Sometimes he will be seen in the South, buying enormous quantities of cotton; again in the north, where he has immense interest in some Oriental importing houses; but he has never been suspected of having known anything of these two robberies.

His wife, the pretty Urania, has never had any children, and her whole life is rendered sad and unhappy by that fact, and also by homesickness, a sorrow that can never be assuaged, for she dare not return to her parents.

She is literally dead to them. I have seen her in her carriage, blazing in jewels and dressed in the most beautiful of garments; but hopeless sorrow seemed to exude from every feature of her face.

Not so with her husband. He has no regrets.

There is a sequel to this story in that, when the Turkish Government did at last send a description of the lost jewels to different countries, it was too late; nor could any one have dreamed of connecting the poor tobacco seller of St. George with the rich diamond merchant of Paris and London.

When the Exhibition was held in Venice in 1873, there were two Turkish gentlemen sent in charge of the Sultan's crown jewels, which were exhibited there.

There were nine cases of jewels sent to Vienna from the Government, and when the treasure was returned, there were fourteen cases. This latter fact is only mentioned to show that the franking privilege which existed was adopted as the means for sending back free some cases made up of "things left over."

One of the two Turkish gentlemen had business relations with the owner of a famous continental gaming house, and after the Vienna Exhibition he went to Paris to see the latter person, when, after the business was completed, an immense tray of precious stones was brought and displayed on a billiard table.

The Turk was then presented with a great black pearl the finest of the kind ever seen—and a cockle shell of brilliants. This pearl had been one of the stolen jewels taken from the palace of Sultan Abdul Medjid!

Where it had been or who had been its owner all these years, no one could say. Some one had staked and lost it at the gaming house; but from that day to this the mystery over those two robberies is as dense as ever.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—To abbreviate and neglect the forms of politeness is really to diminish the sentiment and the needs of the heart. As soon as one ceases to express outwardly even the most essential sentiments, these sentiments become weakened to a certain degree in the soul; they lose something of their delicacy and of their energy.

The cultivation of the forms of politeness must be begun in family life between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters. Till courtesy is honored in the household it will not appear elsewhere.

THE small letter "j" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "j" was originally used where "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

If their own statements are to be relied upon, we have among us a number of persons who are destitute and unappreciative of the power of sympathy. We refer to those, who at certain times and seasons, acquaint us with the fact that they care for nobody, and nobody cares for them. Their name, however is not "legion:" only a few here and there attain to that lofty height of so-called independence, for most of us, without wishing to be called weak-minded or sentimental, are ready to acknowledge that "of a truth men are mystically united, and a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

This "bond of brotherhood" implies of necessity fellow-feeling, sympathy—call it what we will—that strange subtle power that enables us to enter into the joys and sorrows of the lives of others. True it exists in some hearts in a much greater degree than in others, but like all other excellences, it increases and developes with cultivation.

In order to be helpful, sympathy must be adapted to the needs and requirements of the case. We must not allow ourselves to be governed entirely by our feelings, kind as those feelings may appear to be. Reason more than impulse must be relied upon in all our dealings with others.

For instance we may hear that a fair child has been suddenly taken from the care of a fondly loving mother, and the mother's grief may be of that wild and agonising character that, not unreasonably, grave fears are entertained with regard to her. As we see her terrible sorrow we may long to weep bitter tears, and may feel disposed to echo all her sad lamentations; but if we are wise we shall realize the absolute necessity of self control, feeling conscious that such a manifestation of sympathy would prove but as fuel added to the flames.

Our own hearts may be aching bitterly from some great loss, and we may long to nurse and cherish our sorrow, and may plead that this, at least, is not the time for us to be glad at the prosperity of others. True, deep, genuine love knows knothing of such selfishness. Who among us cannot kindly remember some brave, helpful souls who, while heavily burdened and walking in the shadow of some great trial themselves, were ever ready to rejoice in the sunshine that rests upon others?

There was no ebb and flow in their sympathy—of their help one was always sure, and life has never been the same to us since they laid their burdens down and entered into rest. Tenderly, lovingly we cherish their memories—loyally, bravely let us strive to follow their example.

SOME OF THEM.—A cynic says men cling to their wives for various reasons:

Through mere love of comfort, as one is attached to a good kitchen utensil.

Through habit, as one likes the cozy armchair he is always certain to find in one place on coming home.

Through economy, you could not hire a servant who would not cost you twice as much and serve you only half as well.

Through pride, just as one persists in refusing to reconsider a foolish choice one has made, lest people should talk about it.

Through love of peace, a separation would cause so much scandal and create so much trouble.

Through fear of public opinion, what would the neighbors say, and her friends, and, above all, her relatives.

Through imitation, everybody else clings to his wife, so one must do like the balance.

Through instinctive attachment to the children.

Through force of character, just as a great soul bears a catastrophy without a word of complaint.

Through virile dignity, one must respect one's name, you know.

Through legal compulsion, there is no clause to offer for a suit, there are no facts to justify it.

Through philosophy, all women resemble each other.

Through a spirit of penitence: "It is all my fault, all my fault, my most grevious fault."

Through petty vanity, because every one says: "Oh what a splendid woman!"

Through remorse of conscience: "Poor little woman, it is not her fault that I am tired of her."

Through spite: "So I have been caught in the trap! Ah, let others fall into it also!"

WHAT SHE IS.—Man finds any amount of fault with woman, yet works and toils and hustles to get her. He calls her extravagant, yet yearns to pay her bills. She's heartless, but he devotes months to finding the spot where that heart should be. She's fickle, yet he struggles for a place in her affections. She's timid, but he, noble creature, has courage for two. She's a fraud, but a darling. She's a goose, but a duck. She's so pappy, but sweet. In fact, she's a chameleon, in the very latest style of spots and dots and feathers and fixings. She's all the old graces and dainty and dear—and she's gone as the wind. Yet she's a most desirable article of household furnishing and there are a mighty few men who want to get along without her, chameleon though she be.

ENGLISH LADY (traveling in Montana): "The idea of calling this the 'Wild West!' Why, I never saw such perfect politeness anywhere!" Native: "We're allers perlite to ladies, marm." E. L.: "Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeness everywhere; but I am referring to the men. Why, in New York the men behave horridly to one another, but here they all treat each other as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing-room." N.: "Yes, marm; it's safer!"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A story which has its counterpart in masculine circles not so very long ago, is reported from Cincinnati, where a number of ladies living in a certain block becoming disgusted at the way in which their street was cleaned, or not cleaned, held an indignation meeting. "They had made repeated requests of the Board of Public Affairs to clean the street, which had been neglected for so long a time that it was in a horrible condition, and an absolute disgrace to the city. They had become determined, and something had to be done at once. After censuring the Board of Public Affairs they resolved to procure the proper implements and do the work themselves. Accordingly each woman with a broom in hand started at the undertaking, and did not stop until the entire block was as clean as a newly swept barn floor.

The Countess of Crawford, on the Queen of England's visit to Italy, did not hire her Florentine villa to the Queen, but lent it to her Majesty. It is no joke housing majesty. The courier who came to make arrangements for her Majesty announced that seventy-two people would have to be provided for, among whom were two Indian servants who must have separate kitchens arranged for them, as they were unable to eat with Europeans. Not only had a telegraph be laid on to the house, but telephones had to be forced to every room, and though, of course, her Majesty proposed that this should be done at her own expense, yet the very process of knocking the holes in the walls through which the telephones had to pass brought down portions of several ceilings, which, being, beautifully painted after the Italian fashion, it was by no means easy to repair.

The late M. Bord, the piano maker, of Paris, left to every one in his factory who has worked there for five years, $200; to every one who has worked there for six years, $220, and so on, increasing $40 for each year that the recipient has worked. The system of profit sharing was introduced into M. Bord's factory in 1868: it included all the employes, and the distribution of profits were annual; 10 per cent. was first set aside to cover the risks of trade and to provide interest on the employer's capital (this was reckoned as the wages of capital. The remainder of the profits was then divided in the ratio of the wages received, the wages of the capital being reckoned in so that M. Bord received a share of this second division. The dividend is said to have amounted on several occasions to from 20 to 24 per cent. on the wages, though during the last few years the foreign competion has reduced it.

A comical incident occurred recently on the Polish frontier. A lady, who had been making purchases in the town of Kattowitz, with the express purpose of smuggling them into Poland, bought among other items an alarm-clock, at a watchmaker's. Thinking lightly of the matter, she even told the young watchmaker of her intention and got him to ask his wife to tie the clock beneath what is now called a "figure improver." The watchmaker, being fond of a joke, managed, while she was waiting for his wife, to set the alarm of the clock at the hour when the train was timed to be at the frontier station Sosnowice, and then handed it to be fastened beneath his customer's dress. Well content with her bargain, the lady went off, arrived at the frontier, and passed the customs easily; but just as she was again stepping into the railway carriage an awful noise burst forth, which quickly caught the attention of the officers. The lady had to dismount, amid the laughter of the by-standers, to disrobe, and to pay the fine of ten roubles for smuggling, while the tell-tale alarm was confiscated.

Miss Mollie Green is the heroine of a story which comes from Perry County, Tenn., where she teaches in a country school. One day a correspondent relates, the children were busy with their lessons, when a shaggy dog, foaming at the mouth, snapping and biting, dashed in the door and toward one of the little ones. The brave woman thought only of the children in her care and springing between them and the intruder told them it was a mad dog. She then kicked at it, her skirts protecting her, and by the aid of a heavy ruler, kept it at bay until all the children had fled. The infuriated animal repeatedly sprang at her throat, but she was too agile to be caught, and resolutely held her ground. When all the little ones were gone she desperately fought off the dog until she reached the door, which she pulled to after her, and fell fainting outside. The children had in the meantime run to the nearest houses, an eighth of a mile distant, and given the alarm. Two men came up, and after reviving the teacher, killed the dog. The animal had been terrorizing the neighborhood for two days. The grateful parents of the children took up a subscription and gave the young lady a fine saddle horse.

AN experiment is being made on the California coast to test the utility of ocean wave force. At an opening in some cliffs great fans are suspended, and their movement at the ebb and flow of the waves is so arranged as to work immense pumps, which are designed to fill large reservoirs on elevations, these being used to supply water power to manufactories of various kinds.

Ladies who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder—it produces a soft and beautiful skin.

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Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

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Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bones, a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

BEAUTY

How to secure a clear, smooth, beautiful healthy skin is the desire of all, and this is within the reach of all. The skin becomes [illegible] healthy conditions of [illegible] perspiration that [illegible]

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Is a true cure for all Skin Eruptions. It makes the blood rich and pure, and after it has driven out of the blood and secreting organs of the skin, the poisons from the excrementitious humors, it will direct the perspiration of its poison, and make the skin pure, clear and beautiful. This is the ONLY way to secure GOOD SKIN.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Rash, Tetters, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Carbuncles as quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Brick Dust Deposits, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are [illegible] mixed with substance like shreds like white silk, or [illegible] morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white sediment deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six [illegible]

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful [illegible] Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, [illegible] Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fevers, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a sure cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with the [illegible] the system to contract disease. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking [illegible] in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever or dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, breast, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning of the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

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Our Young Folks.

BEATRICE'S VISIT.

BY F. H. LOW.

It was not exactly a pretty sight that met Uncle Arthur's eyes as he opened the nursery door.

There was no fault to be found with the nursery. It was a beautiful large room with a blazing fire, full of expensive toys of every sort and description, and in the midst of it there stood a most magnificent rocking-horse.

Uncle Arthur stopped short as he opened the door: two children, a boy of about eight, and a girl a few years older, were struggling with all their might to tear a large picture-book out of each other's hands, whilst their nurse stood by pale and distressed.

Uncle Arthur placed a hand on each angry little figure, and taking the book, looked at Hugh and Beatrice as they stood glaring at one another with very red, passionate faces.

Then he took a chair and pulled Hugh, a bonny little boy, on to his knee, and began to talk to him.

No sooner did Beatrice see this mark of favor than she burst out angrily—

"Of course you take his part! You're always unfair to me," and flounced out of the room.

Her uncle sighed. In spite of her velvet frock and beautiful house and toys Dr. Langley felt great pity for his pretty little spoilt niece.

He knew that her selfishness and bad temper were not entirely her own fault; for owing to the fact that before she was born her father and mother had lost all their children one after another, and also that Beatrice herself had been a very delicate child, she had been indulged to such an extent that at eleven years old she was absolutely careless of anyone's pleasure but her own, and unless her wishes were gratified would let no one in the house have any peace.

As her little brother grew up he developed a will of his own, and was, in addition, a very passionate child, so that scenes in the nursery were constantly taking place.

In spite of his passionateness Hugh was a warm-hearted, generous little fellow; and after his uncle had suggested an entirely new method of arranging his regiment of soldiers he was ready to make peace with his sister.

Dr. Langley then went off in search of his niece.

Beatrice had lessons in the morning with her governess, but she was at liberty to do what she liked in the afternoons. In the summer she usually went for a ride with her father or a drive with her mother, but in the winter her favorite occupation was to lie on the rug in front of the library fire, with Rollo, the great St. Bernard, near her, and an interesting story-book in her hand.

This is where her uncle found her with a sulky, discontented expression on her face, which would have been particularly pretty if she had looked happy.

She had been cross all day long. For one reason, her father had written that day, saying they would be away for another week—and though the visit to the seaside was for her mother's health Beatrice felt very aggrieved; and for another, two little girls whom she had invited to tea had declined her invitation.

Beatrice was not a favorite with other children—she was too domineering and fond of having the games she liked herself; and at any of her parties you might be sure to hear this from her: "If you don't have charades I shan't play," and other speeches of the kind.

Her uncle lifted her up from the rug. She pulled herself away from him, saying pettishly, "I wish you'd leave me alone."

There were tears in her eyes, and Uncle Arthur, knowing that she was very fond of him, said, pulling out his watch—

"Bee, will you come with me on my rounds?"

Now over and over again Beatrice had begged her uncle to take her with him when he visited his patients.

Dr. Langley was a clever young man, and what was still better, was kind and gentle to his poor patients; and he had always interesting stories to tell the children of the people he had visited.

But Beatrice was slow in getting over her sulkiness, and she considered she had been badly treated by her uncle; so all she said again was—

"I wish you'd leave me alone."

"Very well," said her uncle; "good-bye, my child," and seeing his carriage outside he went from the room.

Beatrice, seeing that her uncle did not intend putting her back in good humor, rushed after him and implored him to wait five minutes.

You would scarcely have believed her to be the same child as, a few moments later, clad in soft warm furs, she was seated in her uncle's brougham chattering away gaily about Silvermead.

Silvermead was the Langleys' country home, and for three months in the year Beatrice and Hugh had no lessons, and nothing but rows on the lake and rides and picnics and outdoor amusements of every description.

"Uncle," cried Beatrice suddenly, "what are all those people doing there? There's such a crowd!"

Her uncle put his head out of the window, and the next moment had the cord for the coachman to stop. At the same time he said—

"I must get out, as I may be wanted. You are to sit here till I come back, Bee."

The little girl put her head out of the window, and watched him walk quickly away to the crowd, which suddenly parted to let him through.

She was very much annoyed that Thompson, her uncle's coachman, was driving on slowly instead of waiting.

If it had been her father's man Beatrice would have given him imperious orders quickly enough; so although she stretched her head out of the window she could see nothing but a throng of people gathered round something in the centre.

By the time her uncle returned Beatrice had grown fretful and impatient, and she said irritably, never noticing his grave, sad face—

"What a time you have been! I thought you were never coming back! Whatever was the matter?"

Dr. Langley gave his coachman some directions, and as soon as they were off again, said—

"There was an accident; a poor woman was knocked down by an omnibus, and is very much hurt; they have taken her to the hospital. Do you know, Bee, that though she was in great pain she never thought of herself, and as soon as she understood that she must go to the hospital to be attended to she begged me to go and comfort her little girl. I shall go and see the poor child directly I have seen all my patients."

"Oh, uncle," Beatrice cried beseechingly, "do take me with you! I hope they will punish the omnibus driver."

Dr. Langley shook his head at first, saying Beatrice would not like it at all, and would very likely beg him to take her away at once. But Beatrice, who was charmed at the novelty of the idea, said—

"I promise to be very good; *do* take me."

And Dr. Langley, thinking that perhaps the sight might do spoilt Beatrice more good than harm, consented if the place was not too unsuitable. Pond Court, the address the injured woman had given, was a miserable place surrounded on all sides by walls, containing dirty, neglected-looking houses, round which troops of ragged, pale-face children were playing. They crowded round Doctor Langley and his niece staring at the richly-dressed little girl with all their might; and Beatrice heard one little boy say—

"Ain't her yeller 'air shinin'?"

Dr. Langley inquired for Mrs. Daye's room, and the children accompanied them to the foot of some stairs. Here there were three doors, and Dr. Langley paused, uncertain which was the right one.

As they waited they heard a child's soft voice singing what sounded like a lullaby. Dr. Langley knocked at the door and the next instant it was opened by a child, who immediately went back to a little cot on which she had been sitting, saying in a glad voice—

"Oh, mother, I'm *so* glad you came. I'm very tired of sitting here, but I've never left him, and he's been so good till now."

It was too dark for the poor child to see that it was not her mother; and she was so busy watching the baby that it was not till Dr. Langley had struck a match and lighted a candle that she looked up and saw her strange, grand visitors. Her mother had said to her that morning—

"Now, Elsie, whatever you do, don't leave baby unless he's asleep. As soon as he wakes you must sit on the cot in case he fall out, and sing to him and play with him." Baby had just woke up after a long sleep, and was still drowsy and inclined to be fretful and cry.

Elsie looked up at Dr. Langley with an expression of alarm and terror in her dark eyes. She had a sweet little pale face, with big, wistful eyes, and black, curly hair. She looked very cold and tired, and, indeed, she was both, for her dress was very thin, and she was barefooted, her only pair of stockings being at that moment only half dry, having been recently washed.

And she was very tired, for she had nursed her little brother Dick all the morning, and during the afternoon had scrubbed the floor and washed the clothes, and tidied up the room till her back and legs ached.

Beatrice looked around the room with a shudder. It was very neat and clean, as was Elsie herself and the little boy in the cradle, but, oh, how wretchedly poor everything looked! how different from the rooms at home, with their thick soft carpets and great blazing fires!

Dr. Langley put his hand on Elsie's black head,

"What a good, helpful little girl you are! and what a fine little fellow in the cradle! What's his name?"

"Richard Lionel Day," said Elsie promptly, "and mine's Elizabeth Mary Day, only mother calls me Elsie, because she thinks it's pretty."

"And so it is," said Dr. Langley. "Now listen to me, Elsie. Your mother has had an accident, and she has been taken to a nice place where the people will be very kind to her and will soon make her better."

Elsie's lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears; but she clasped her little hands and said nothing, and Doctor Langley went on.

"You haven't had any dinner? Mother had the money, eh? Well, now, look here, you go and get a neighbor to come and mind baby," pulling out of his pocket a handful of loose silver, "and then run and get some bread and coals, and other things mother would buy. I'll come and see you to-morrow. Don't cry—mother will soon be well." He patted Elsie's head kindly, and taking his niece's hand led her down stairs.

Beatrice was very subdued all the way home, and made up her mind to ask her papa to send some money to the Days.

But the whole thing went out of her head when her father and mother returned unexpectedly a few days later, bringing the most splendid presents for her and Hugh. The sight of her uncle reminded her of Elsie; and in answer to her question Dr. Langley said gravely—

"It is a very sad case. Mrs. Day has hurt her back so badly that she can never do any scrubbing again."

Beatrice rushed off to the boudoir where her mother was lying, and with real tears in her eyes begged her to send some money to the Days at once; and declared that she herself would send every-thing in her own money-box. Her father and uncle followed her into the room, and Dr. Langley had explained the whole story, he and Beatrice's father and mother began considering how best to help the poor woman and her children. When Beatrice came back to the room with her money in one hand and some of her clothes in the other, her father took her on his knee and kissing her said, "My darling little girl, nothing can ever make your mother and me so happy as to see you forgetting yourself and trying to do something for others. Mother and I have agreed on a capital plan for the poor woman. You know I am going to buy the little cottage outside the grounds at Silvermead. We are going to put Mrs. Day there with her children to take care of it; and Uncle Arthur says the fresh country air may make her strong again."

Beatrice was delighted. The poor invalid woman, and the miserable little room, and the brave little girl had made a deep impression on her; and though she did not give up all her selfish habits at once, no one could doubt that from the day she visited the Days' home there was a change for the better.

That summer when pale, weak Mrs. Day was installed in her little cottage covered with roses, and Elsie was out all day long gathering flowers, and seeing a thousand beautiful things, was, perhaps, the happiest the Langleys had ever spent at Silvermead.

OUR TEA-TRAY TOBOGGAN.

BY ELLIS JONES.

"GRANDPAPA, do tell me again about tobogganing you used to play at when you were a boy—the game that you said was such a jolly one. I should like to hear all about it once more."

"Certainly, Harry; but you know we didn't call it tobogganing in those days, although the tobogganing we saw the other day reminded me of it."

"They were something alike, grandpapa, were they not?"

"Well, ours was really more like the tobogganing practiced in Canada; with this difference, that it was a summer instead of a winter sport, and the slide was of sand instead of snow. But it bore little resemblance, except in its idea, to the elaborately constructed slide and toboggan so popular in this county. You see, our slide was a natural one, and the toboggan simply a shallow box or sledge, or sometimes only an old tea-tray."

"That's it. Tell us all about the tea-tray toboggan," chimed in Jack, Harry's younger brother. "That was jolly, I know."

"Very well, boys, I will, for I think I never had such fun in all my young days as with that old tea-tray. I'll tell you how it was done. If you had been on the common close to the village where I lived you might often on a summer's afternoon have seen a little band of children headed probably by a flag-bearer, and marching along to the music of a toy bugle and the beat of a drum—which latter is soon to play another and more important part in our story, being nothing less than an old tea-tray—in the direction of a disused sand-pit, the scene of many a youthful frolic. There at times they scampered up and down to their hearts' content, or played at soldiers—the defenders taking up positions behind the bushes or ramparts of sand at the top, while the attacking party had to swarm up the rather steep sides of the pit—or amused themselves in different ways.

"Having reached the edge of the sand-pit, a new use is found for the old tea-tray. Selecting a part of the pit where the side was not too steep, and where the sand was clean and soft, and free from grass, the children placed their tea-tray sledge in position, and two of them seated themselves in it, one about the middle and the other close behind. It was a squeeze sometimes, but you see they were little, and the tray was usually a large one. The youngster in front steadied himself and sledge by holding tightly to a cord fastened to the front rim of the tray. Some of the old-fashioned trays were made with openings in the rim which were very convenient for this purpose. Then when all was ready one of the party would push off the loaded tray, and away it would glide, gaining in speed as it flew along to the bottom of the bank, and if a good spot has been chosen, for some distance further. A few seconds and, with a shout, the fun—glorious fun it was too—and excitement are over. But only for a moment. Up the bank the children scramble, and time after time the operation is repeated, until all have had their turn over and over again."

"But wasn't there an accident sometimes?" asked Harry.

"Yes, there was a spill now and then, if the spot selected was not suitable, especially if the slope ended too abruptly, or if the riders were unsteady. But I do not remember anything serious. The sand was too soft to fall on, and what mishaps there were only added to the fun and gave zest to the sport."

"Didn't you say that sometime you had proper sledges?" asked Harry.

"Well, yes; now and then some boy, more ambitious than the rest, had a wooden sledge, made of a strong shallow box. But this had to be made, and it suited most of best to take our sport in a way which could be done without troubling our elders. And so our tray easily convertable into a drum or sledge, as might be needed, kept favor with the majority of us for this purpose."

"I think I should like to try it," said Harry.

"So should I," said Jack—"this very day, too!"

"Well, I know you would like it if you tried it. And I can understand the eagerness with which big and little folk of the present day patronize the toboggans and slides that are provided for their amusement; for my recollection of this form of tobogganing is that it was one of the most exhilarating pastimes for youngsters, and one which, although it would hardly find favor with some parents because of its roughness, I always found harmless. But you can have a toboggan slide now in such safe, not to say fashionable, style, that it will hardly be worth your while to risk a trial of the primitive method I have been telling you about. And when you are having your toboggan ride you will remember the old saying that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' for you will see the strong family likeness between it and what was known to me when a boy by the name of the 'tea-tray slide.'"

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

The sugar-cane, from which the greater part of the sugar and molasses is obtained, is native to the southeastern part of Asia and to the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The Moors introduced its cultivation into Spain, and the crusaders into Malta, Cyprus, and Candia.

The Portuguese planted it on the Canary and Madeira Islands, and all the sugar used in Europe at the time Columbus discovered America was brought from these islands.

It is said that Columbus introduced the sugar-cane on the island of Hayti on his second voyage, and that spread from there to the other West India Islands, to the southern part of the United States, and to the northern and eastern parts of South America.

The sugar-cane belongs to the family of grasses, and, when growing, looks not unlike our Indian corn.

It is raised from cuttings fifteen or twenty inches long, taken from the top of the plant just below the leaves. The remaining part is then cut off near the root. From the root spring a number of shoots called ratoons; these, with the cuttings, furnish the plants for the next year's crop.

The part between the cuttings and the root is filled with a pith that contains the juice from which sugar is made. The sugar-cane is now cultivated in almost all warm climates, but in Java, Mauritius, and Cuba the manufacture of sugar reaches its highest degree of perfection, owing, perhaps, to the great extent of the cane plantations.

It is quite interesting to follow the various processes through which the cane passes before it reaches us as refined sugar.

First, the parts between the cuttings and ratoons are tied up into bundles and put into the crushing-machine, when the juice is pressed from them.

From 100 pounds of cane about seventy-five pounds of juice is obtained. When it issues from the press it has a sweetish taste and looks like dirty water.

It next passes into a reservoir, where it receives a dose of quick-lime to purify it. It is then run off as quickly as possible into large iron or copper kettles, heated either by a fire underneath, or by steam-pipes carried into the liquid.

As the juice becomes hot a scum rises which is taken off by skimming, or the liquid is drawn off from the scum. It is important to have the juice free from the scum, otherwise the juice will not form. After boiling a long time very rapidly it becomes thick like syrup, and finally crystallizes or grains.

The hogsheads to receive it are prepared with a number of holes in the bottom to let the moist part run through; this is our cooking molasses; it is sometimes reboiled for the purpose of getting more sugar.

The sugar remaining in the hogshead is sent to market under the name of "Muscovado," or it is put into vessels with a small hole in the bottom and allowed to stand for several days in order to have all the treacle or liquid part drained out; and then a layer of mud about as thick as good rich cream; is spread over the top to a depth of two or three inches; the water in the mud gradually trickles through the sugar, carrying with it the atoms of remaining treacle, and runs out through the hole in the bottom.

On the top of the sugar is a hard, dry cake of mud, none having mixed with the sugar. This is called clayed sugar. On some plantations they have machines for doing this work; then the clay is dispensed with.

TOTAL abstinence from food is said to be a sure cure for rheumatism. It is not stated how long the sufferer must abstain, but we should think an abstinence of six months would cure the most obstinate case known to medical science.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.

MY SANCTUARY.

BY A. DE BREMONT.

There is a chamber in my heart
Sacred from all the world apart,
Trembling and sad within its door
I enter, all my griefs to pour.
Again, when Pleasure's wreath has bound
My soul and senses gaily round,
I seek its silence, there to store
Treasures of joys that are no more.
And lo! Love's mirage oft appears,
To rise in splendor—set in tears.
Then in that chamber, steep'd in gloom,
My hopes of love I deep entomb.

Around those chamber walls are spread
The spirit-pictures of the dead;
My mother's face shines softly there,
Fram'd in its wealth of auburn hair.
Her earnest eyes, with tender smile,
Lifting my drooping soul awhile
Out of the toil, above the strain,
For all this earthly loss and gain.
And in the shadow of her face
Dimly another's eyes I trace;
A father's features come and go,
In memory's fitful ebb and flow.

There happy hours of childhood dear,
Steal back on spirit-wings to cheer,
The long sad days—the nights of thought,
Amid the pictures memory wrought.
But oh! one face I ever see—
Asleep—awake—it follows me,
A noble beauty calmly lies
On lips and brow and loving eye
Tho' that brave heart's fond beat is still,
That oft with rapture's pulse would thrill,
Dear eyes, within thy depths still shine
A husband's love! For ever mine.

THE HOLY LAND.

Of all the places in the environs of Jerusalem, deserving of consideration, the Mount of Olives is preeminent. It is only about three thousand feet distant from St. Stephen's Gate. The rock that bears the imprint of the feet of our Saviour, made, it is said, at the time of his ascension, is enclosed within a neat chapel, erected around it for the express purpose of preserving it from injury.

Many of the pious members of the Church brought wax tapers with them, which they gave to the priest officiating at this ceremony, who kept a large number of them constantly lighted and placed within a few inches of the holy footprint, in order to enable all present to see and examine the same with the care and attention it merits.

The hilly region, which extends from Jerusalem east to the Jordan, a distance of twenty-five miles, and which is assumed to have been the wilderness wherein John the Baptist began his ministry, and where Christ himself, after his baptism, retired for forty days and nights in fasting and praying, consists of ranges of mountains following each other like the waves of a troubled ocean, and descending rapidly at least 3,000 feet, until they reach the Dead Sea, where they form an irregular breastwork of upwards of one thousand feet in height, along its shores, of perpendicular cliffs and ragged points; in places receding from the water, and then again jutting out into the sea.

The view of this great expanse of water, the lofty mountains piled on each other in every position, presenting everywhere yellow rocks and gray sand, without a single tree, and scarcely a shrub to be seen, with the Jordan and the plains of Jericho in the distance—combine to render the scene one of vast and absorbing interest.

There are many other objects which lie in full view of, and at no great distance from, the Mount of Olives deserving of consideration. Among which is the Plain of Rephadim commencing south of the valley of Hinnon, and extending in a southwesterly direction some five or six miles from Jerusalem. It was on this plain that the army of the Philistines, after having advanced to the very gates of the city, were thrice signally defeated, and finally totally overthrown by David.

Mispeh, the celebrated gathering place of the Jews, lies in full view towards the northwest of, and within four miles of the city. The ancient site of this town is an eminence of five hundred feet above the adjoining plain, and from whence there is a commanding prospect extending from sea to sea.

It was there that Samuel was crowned judge and seer of Israel, and there he offered up sacrifices and judged the people. There Saul was chosen king by lot; and there, at this day, stands a monument, claimed by some to have been erected to the memory of the great judge Samuel, and which is distinctly seen from the principal approaches to Jerusalem. Other persons, however, maintain that his remains were entombed in another place.

The sites of the ancient cities of Beirat and Gibeon, and the celebrated valley of Ajalon, which separated them, lie within view of the mount, and distant about five miles from Jerusalem.

Gideon was at an early day one of the royal cities. The stratagem of the Gibeonites practiced on Joshua, his defence of them afterwards against the five confederate kings of the south, and the great valley of Ajalon, when the sun stood still on Gibeon, are events which will ever render this land memorable.

I have visited the site of the ancient town of Nain, situated on the western declivity of little Hermon. This spot is the scene of that touching incident, the raising of the widow's son, described in the seventh chapter of St. Luke.

I continued my journey towards the northeast, and soon descended into the great plain, where I obtained my first view of Mount Tabor, which rises out of the plain, and, apparently, penetrates the clouds. The scene, as I approached the mount from the west, was grand and imposing; nor could I withdraw my attention from it until I arrived at the base of the mountain.

I ascended to the summit on horseback, by an exceedingly difficult and dangerous winding bridle-path. The distance by this way is at least three miles, which it took me over an hour to accomplish.

I supposed, from what I had previously learned respecting it, that I would find it a desolate spot; but, to my surprise, I found upwards of fifty laborers from Nazareth, engaged in erecting, by order of the Turkish Government, a large and splendid mosque of Mussulman pilgrims.

I regard this as the most sacred and interesting locality within the boundaries of Galilee; for it was here, as it is written, that the disciples of Jesus—Peter, James, and John—saw the Saviour in his transfiguration.

The whole of Galilee, which is styled the "cradle of Christianity," is spread like a map on every side of Mount Tabor. Nazareth, where Jesus passed his youthful days, lies in a delightful valley or basin to the west; and a short distance from it, on a mountain ridge, stands Cana, where He performed His first miracle. To the east flows the Jordan, on the banks of which He began His ministry, and called together His disciples.

There, too, lies the Sea of Galilee, embosomed in the mountains which slope down to its waters, and were are still to be seen the sites of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Tiberias—scenes of a thousand hallowed associations. There, also, rises the hill on which Jesus delivered his first precepts, called the Mount of Beatitudes; and near to it is the great battle-field where Saladin fought with and overcame the Crusaders, and took from them the True Cross.

Grains of Gold.

Study the past if you would divine the future.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

No sinners are so intolerant as those who have just turned saints.

Act upon your impulses, but pray that they may be directed by God.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to disclose that one is below it.

What we hope ever to do with ease, we may learn first to do with diligence.

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into rottenness.

We condemn generally the passions of others by other passions either like or unlike.

People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after.

The true way to render ourselves happy is to love our duty and find in it our pleasure.

Man without patience is like a lamp without oil, and pride in a rage is a bad counsellor.

He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.

There are times when it would seem as if God fished with a line and the Devil with a net.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

Nothing is so contemptible as that affectation of wisdom, which some display by universal incredulity.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

Femininities.

Bluebeard's trade was evidently that of a belle-hanger.

About 4000 women are employed by the Government at Washington.

A young woman drives a public cab in Berlin. It is to be hoped she is a hansom driver.

Most men look out for number one. Most women look out for number two—at the shoe stores.

The fight for women's suffrage has been going on for 40 years now, but the victory seems afar off yet.

A base drum may be a snare and a noisy instrument, but it is not as loud as a girl's hair when it is banged.

Mrs. Shoddy is in mourning for her husband, and now, when she plays the piano, she strikes only the black keys.

"Mamma," said a little Chicago girl. "Yes, dear." "Do you think I'll have the same papa all this year?"

A timely design in brooches is a good-sized bunch of miniature lilacs, each blossom having a diamond centre.

A cimeter of Roman gold, with a hilt richly jeweled with small diamonds and pearls, makes an attractive brooch.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

The latest fad of the fair sex in Nebraska is a hair album, in which they place locks of hair from the heads of their friends of the other sex.

Bessie: "How radiant Clara looks! I wonder if Jack has proposed?" Maude, Clara's rival: "Proposed! You mean you wonder if he has accepted."

The widow of ex-Governor Colby, of New London, Conn., aged 83, made and contributed a handsome tidy to the fair lately held by the ladies of that place.

She: "And do you really think that you would be happy with me as your wife?" He: "Oh, I am sure; I have always been a lucky fellow in games of chance."

Ethel: "Yes, Jack and I settled it yesterday evening, and the engagement is not to be a long one." Kate: "What a blessing leap year is, dear!" They do not speak now.

He, before the wedding, anxiously: "You are sure you won't be nervous at the altar?" She, four times a widow, with the utmost confidence: "I never have been yet."

An official of the St. Louis Fire Department, who is a bachelor, says "a woman ought not to think of marrying a fireman," because the latter has so little time to devote to home life.

Perfumed fans are now in fashion at Paris. The framework is made of rose, lemon or sandal wood, which, on being warmed by the air of a room, gives out an agreeable fragrance.

"Er 'oman," says an old negro, "dat has married er po' man 'cause she lubbed him, is mighty ap' ter want her daughter ter marry a rich man, no matter whether she lubs him er not."

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked. "Fifteen." "Mercy on me! But think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I am really glad that I'm a widow!"

Physicians are disputing whether it is possible for a man to commit suicide by holding his breath. There are some who think that perhaps a man could do it, but they are unanimously agreed that a woman couldn't.

The burning question in the West is, "Whom did Cain marry?" This question was put to a Georgia evangelist, and he promptly replied: "Cain married his mother-in-law's daughter." How simple, and yet how true.

"Won't you please play us something, Miss Hammersandbang?" asked Fogg. "I should like to ever so much," said she, looking at her watch, "but really I have no time." "So I have heard," replied Fogg; "but we will overlook that, you know."

Gus De Brown, who has prolonged his call considerably after 10.45 P. M., "So you don't admire men of conservative views, like myself, Miss Angel?" Miss A., with vivacity: "No, indeed; I prefer people who have some go in them." De B. reaches for his hat.

That was an ungallant urchin in Newton, Kan., who, if report does not wrong him, directed six feminine voters seeking the polls to one of Uncle Sam's letter boxes. The women appear to have implicitly trusted the facetious gamin, as they deposited their ballots in the box and modestly stole away.

"If I should tell you, dear," he said, "that my love for you had grown cold, that I had ceased to care for you, and that the happy time when I shall claim you as my owncst own will never, never be, would it really be a trial to you?" "Yes, George," shyly admitted the girl; "a breach of promise trial."

At a party, the other evening, Smith, the funny man, picked from the floor some false hair, and holding it aloft, wickedly asked who had lost it. Immediately the hand of every lady within earshot went to her back hair. It was cruel to throw them off their guard and expose them so, but Smith says it wasn't his fault.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "You play the piano a good deal, do you not?" Miss Fussanfeather: "Yes, I play at home a good deal to drive dull care away." "I guess you're successful, aren't you?" "Why?" "Well, I understand you drive everything else away. I don't suppose dull care would want to stay either."

A considerate correspondent, who tells how a Miss Zahn, of New Scottsville, Pa., had her bangs burned off by too close contact with a stroke of lightning, assures the feminine public that "this need not deter other young ladies from wearing bangs, however, as the accident might have been fatal had not the bangs protected her forehead."

Masculinities.

No estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

If 32 is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point?—Two in the shade.

Don't tell people how you are; they don't want to know, even when they ask.

When a man is 25 he knows something; when he is 45 he wishes he knew something.

The man who stoops to pick up a cent often ruins half a dollar's worth of suspenders.

It may be that a man can love but one woman in a lifetime, but how is he going to know unless he tries?

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.

A Pittsburg editor says: "Husbands are not made to order." We'll bet he can't convince most wives they are not.

A young man ought not to propose too gracefully. If he does the girl may get the idea that he has had more practice than she deems desirable.

It has been figured out by a statistical official that there are 31 criminals to every 1,000 bachelors, and only 11 criminals to every 1000 married men.

There is a Connecticut parson so fond of money that, it is said, after paying a man's bill he walks home with him, so as to be near the money as long as possible.

Let no man pacify his conscience by the delusion that he does no harm if he takes no part and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends than that good men should look on and do nothing.

E. P. Duplex a colored justice of the peace, has been elected mayor of Wheatland, Cal. It is said that he is the first of his race to fill such a position on the Pacific coast.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor and takes up too much of his attention.

A man who has become prominent in Detroit recently, more especially in police circles, is alleged to have married 21 women at different periods of his enterprising career.

A man who has failed three times within five years was only saved from going to the poorhouse by selling to a weekly magazine a series of papers entitled, "How to Grow Rich."

Two children were extolling the virtues of their respective papas. "My papa is as tall as the garden-wall," said one. "My papa can see over the wall." "And mine, too, when he has his hat on."

A Mr. White, a soldier, blind and 82 years old, who has been living in most destitute circumstances at the village of Mexico, Ohio, walked alone 12 miles over rough roads to Tiffin, recently, to be examined for a pension.

Doctor, to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky: "How did your husband pass the night?" Mrs. Blood: "He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Doctor, with a grave look: "H'm—still flighty."

Husband, in the early morning: "What are you going through my pockets for, my dear?" Wife: "A little change, John." Husband: "Have you no money of your own?" Wife: "Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's."

Scene—Country bed room. Voice from under the bed: "From this time forth I shall cease to call you wife. You have beaten me shamefully; and I have still enough of the spirit of a man left within me to remain here until you apologise for your conduct."

Mr. Potter, who recently struck it rich: "Pete, I am going to get you a coachman's livery. What do you think of that?" Pete, who has been "hired man" for years: "Yes, sah, I would like it very much, sah. It would distinguish me from de rest of de tambly, sah."

The Prince Regent of Bavaria has ordered each of his children to be taught a manual trade. The future king, Prince Rupert, has chosen that of a turner, and works every day in his shop. The young Prince Franz has become a painter, and Prince Charles a gardener.

He, fiercely: "We don't need that rug any more than a cat needs two tails. How often have I told you, my dear, never to buy anything because it's cheap?" She, with the air of one who has got the better of the argument: "But it wasn't cheap, my love; it cost $20."

A stout looking tramp who stole a cow from a farm in West Lampeter, Lancaster county, and who was arrested when trying to sell it, was found to be the possessor of six coats and five pairs of trousers, which he wore one over the other. When he was dismantled, so to speak, his corpulency became a thing of the past.

It is told of a man who solicited alms on the streets of Montgomery, Ala., recently, that he was once quite wealthy. In 1876 he lost a wager of $75,000 that he had staked on the Presidential election, and since then one misfortune has crowded closely on the heels of another until he has lost his entire fortune and his health as well.

"I tell you I shall do as I please!" shouted Mrs. Miff. "Well, well, my dear, I didn't say you couldn't," replied Mr. Miff. "And you can't stop me!" "I didn't say I could, my dear." "You'd better not try!" "Indeed, indeed, my dear, I won't." "That's just all such a brute as you cares about his wife!" And Mrs. Miff prepared to cry her eyes out.

The latest entertainments in Chicago, according to an exchange, are "bird talk matinees." These consists of a lecture "replete with pretty stories and unheard-of facts, coupled with bits of verse and snatches of biography. On a stand near the lecturer are birds in variety—wrens, jays, ravens, bobolinks, robins and larks—illustrative of the lecture." The ladies attend in "pretty carriage and street dresses."

Recent Book Issues.

Fowler & Wells Co., No. 775 Broadway, New York, have just published an elaborate "Chart of Comparative Phonography," compiled and arranged for the use of students, teachers, and writers of phonography, by Alfred Andrews. Size 15x20. Price, 25 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones for May is a very charming number for the dear inmates of the nursery. The pictures are lovely, and the stories in prose and poetry will fascinate the little ones. The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

The May number of *The Century* begins a new volume. The opening article is the first paper of the series by George Kennan, illustrated by G. A. Frost and Henry Sandham, in which is to be recorded the results of *The Century* Expedition into Siberia and examination of the exile system. The frontispiece of this number is a touching scene at the Siberian boundary post. In the "Author's Preface," Mr. Kennan relates the circumstances under which he undertook his Siberian mission. The illustrations are numerous, and there is a full-page map of the route pursued by the travellers on their extraordinary journey. The poetry of the number includes four brief pieces by Aldrich, a dialect poem by Riley (illustrated by Kemble), etc. The departments are unusually full, and such subjects are discussed as Civil Service Reform and the coming National Conventions; "The Newspaper Side of Literature;" the training of girls in the direction of self-support, manual training, Emerson, etc. The Century Co., New York.

In the May number of *St. Nicholas*, Thomas Nelson Page begins "Two Little Confederates," a serial story of Southern boy-life during the war. Mrs. Spofford has a charming story, "Little Rosalie," and Sophie Swett contributes the amusing and seasonable sketch, "A Moving Story." An account of "Girard College," by Alice Maude Fenn, is fully illustrated. John Burroughs contributes "Ginseng-hunting." Celia Thaxter has a delicious story of the experiences of a spider, entitled "Madame Arachne," and it is finely illustrated by A. B. Davies. Noah Brooks tells us how a little boy "Ran Away to Home" fifty years ago. There are, also, an exciting narrative of "An Adventure with a Man-eater;" two articles on "Little Josef Hofmann," with a portrait. John Preston True's serial, "Drill," is continued. A sketch of "A Chinese Market," by Yan Phou Lee, and a clever contrast called "Riches and Poverty. In all there are thirty-four separate entries in the table of contents of this beautiful issue. The Century Co., New York.

The *Forum* for May contains articles covering a wide range of public questions. Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, New York, writes of "Miscarriages of Justice." Mr. Frederick Taylor, a New York banker, has an argument for the national control of railways. Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, summarizes his experience in an article on "Obstacles to Good City Government." Senator Cullom, of Illinois, points out the unfairness and the scandals of River and Harbor Bills. An insight into the Mormon communities outside of Salt Lake City, and of the practical workings of the hierarchy, is given by Capt. E. O. Dutton, of the U. S. Geological Survey, who spent several years in Utah. Michael Davitt has a strong article on "Irish Landlordism." Other articles are, "Objections to High License," by the Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Judge R. C. Pitman: "Steam and Its Rivals," by Prof. R. H. Thurston; and "The Pains of Fear," by Eliza Lynn Linton. The growth of the *Forum* is a significant indication of the improving taste of the American reading public. Published at 253 Fifth avenue, New York. Price 50 cents.

HIDDEN SOURCES.—It is curious to notice how differently men reason when they deal with material things. If machinery is out of order, if crops fail, if business languishes, they naturally and rightly seek for the cause, and, if possible, remove it. If bodily health declines, no pains are spared to discover what is at fault; the food, the rest, the domicile, the habits are carefully examined, and all the conditions and circumstances so controlled as to afford the best possible chance of recovery. But, when men and women go astray, and commit wrong and foolish actions, neither they themselves nor others look very deeply for the hidden sources. Society is content to blame the offender, and the offender who blames himself for the act itself is supposed to have gone to the root of the matter.

PROFESSOR: "How many legs have insects?" Student: "85 per cent. of insects have no legs at all, 11 per cent. have one, 14 per cent. two or three, 10 per cent. four or five, but none six." P.: "How in the world did you get this answer?" S.: "By examining the collection in the university."

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over $50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

GIANT EARTHWORMS.

In any group of animals, there are always a number of huge forms at one end of the series, which gradually dwindle down to the tiniest creatures at the other extreme. In that group of animals to which we ourselves belong, we have the titanic whales on the one hand and the minute shrews and fieldmice on the other.

Consciously or unconsciously, we make use of the human body as a standard of size in all animals familiar to us: perhaps also in smaller creatures we adopt the mean as a standard, and speak of all those that exceed in size this selected standard as being large.

A group of animals that is perhaps not very well known exemplifies what has just been said in a very striking fashion. Any person would at once say that an earthworm is a small creature, never exceeding a few inches in length; but as a matter of fact, there exist in many parts of the world colossal earthworms which are four, five, or even six feet in length.

These animals are mainly found in the tropics, where heat and abundant rainfall are conducive to their existence. In many parts of Africa, these huge earthworms are very abundant after heavy rains; and they have been stated by competent observers to appear on such occasions by hundreds, literally covering the ground. The huge bulk of the creatures is, however, too much for their feebly developed muscles, and they are often unable to reach their underground burrows again before the sun comes out and dries them up.

It is an interesting subject for speculation to try and imagine how earthworms first came to exist, because there seems to be a direct connection between the abundance of these creatures and the advance of civilization in the way of agriculture. Anglers know well that they cannot get worms for bait except in cultivated ground; and where did the worms hide themselves when there was 'not a man to till the ground?"

Whether they existed in the ages before the creation of man or not, cannot be said; but it is at any rate certain that agriculture is responsible for their immense numbers, and, perhaps, also for the very great diversity of species.

It may be a fact new to some readers that there are an immense number of different kinds of earthworms, which have been divided by naturalists into several families; and these differ from each other quite as much as, or even more than, do the different kinds of birds and reptiles; we find, for example, that the earthworms of India or New Zealand are entirely different in their structure from the species which are familiar to us here at home. And these differences are often marked in external characters.

In Ceylon, there is a large kind which is of a bright blue color, and almost every variety in tint is exhibited by the different species. Some earthworms are phosphorescent like the glowworm and the fire-fly, and many other creatures, chiefly insects, which are nocturnal in their habits.

In the island of Sumatra, there is a remarkable species of earthworm which is well known to the natives from the fact that it makes a sharp sound during the night. It is not understood how this sound is produced, but it is probably due to the minute bristles which are implanted in the body—and which can be readily felt by rubbing an earthworm between the fingers from tail to head—grating against the small stones as the animal moves along.

The agency of these creatures in levelling the soil is very important. As a worm passes through the ground it swallows the earth in front of it. On coming to the surface, this earth is voided in the shape of little castings which are so conspicuous on a lawn after rain. These castings are dried by the sun and blown about by the wind, and thus tend to level the ground and to bury objects lying upon its surface.

If some of the colossal worms were to devote their energies to this kind of work, and were as abundant as the smaller species, they could almost bury cities and drain rivers.

NO BEND, NO BAG.—A great many inquiries are made as to how to prevent pantaloons from bagging at the knees. There is only one answer to these, it can't be done. Your trousers will bag and you can't help it. The bagging can be lessened by frequent pressings and taking good care of them, but as long as men bend their knees in walking their pants will bag. The skin would also if it didn't settle back. A great many men pull their pants up on their knees when seated to prevent their bagging. This is very foolish. The smallest part of the trousers is that around the calves of the legs, and, of course, in pulling them up and bending the leg a greater strain is brought to bear on the cloth. There might be some way to sponge the cloth so it would not stretch so much, but so far no tailor has succeeded in hardly lessening the cause of the complaint.

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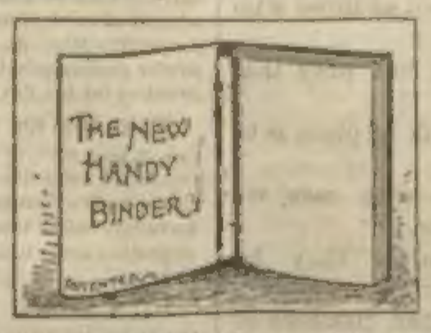

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What Your Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance.

Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to be a party to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door:

WEST PHILADELPHIA, (3738 Centre St.) Jan. 1st, 1888.—My grandmother suffered ten years with kidney disease and irritation of the bladder. She could not walk straight nor could she sleep ten minutes at a time. She had several doctors, but they all failed to give her relief. She took "Warner's Safe Cure"—six bottles in all—together with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills" and was cured. This was four years ago and she has been well ever since. Her name is Mrs. Mary Evans, No. 3738 Centre street, West Philadelphia, Pa. All of my relatives as well as myself take "Warner's Safe Cure." I recommend it to all my friends.

Thomas Moore

WEST PHILADELPHIA, Pa., (852 N. 52d St.), Dec. 7th, 1887.—I can most positively certify to the merits of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I suffered and was pronounced incurable by prominent physicians. As a last resort, and without faith, I commenced using "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Tippecanoe" with most surprising results. Details would be revolting—it was one of the severest cases on record. I will gladly reply to any letter and will give particulars. I hope this statement will be the means of influencing some one to employ the same means for their recovery.

M. E. Baldwin

CHESTER, Pa., (710 Hinkson St.), Jan. 16th, 1888.—I have been cured by the use of "Warner's Safe Cure" of a very severe form of kidney disorder attended with excruciating pain so that I was unable to be on my feet for any length of time without the most unbearable pain. I think "Warner's Safe Cure" has saved my life."

Mrs Martha Boyd

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 14, 1887.—I have used half a dozen bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure" and have been greatly benefitted by it, and no other medicine can take its place.

James E. Acker.

DALLASTOWN, Pa., Dec. 12, 1887.—"Warner's Safe Remedies" are well recommended, and I know myself that they have given me, as well as other people, great relief.

James K. Gayter.

STARRUCCA, Wayne Co., Pa., Jan. 23, 1888.—I have taken a great many bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure," and can recommend it as the best medicine I have ever taken. "Warner's Safe Cure" has done me much good.

George H. Gary.

Humorous.

TOO GENEROUS.

In the fire's ruddy glow she sat,
Bending o'er her knitting,
As through the meshes of soft, blue wool
Her fingers fast were flitting.

"Ah, surely!" he said, "such dainty work
To you must be a pleasure—
If made by your hands, one little gift
I should esteem a treasure."

"Oh, would you, sir," the maid replied,
With face demure as a kitten—
"Well, then, you may have this very one,
I'm going to make a mitten."

—U. N. NONE.

A panes-taking man—A glazier.

A great tail-bearer—The peacock.

All played out—Open-air concerts.

A spring garment—The wire bustle.

Bonds that no one wants—Vagabonds.

Invisible aperture—The crack of a whip.

Out for the night—A candle with an extinguisher on it.

When does a successful lover think he is getting ahead?—When he is getting a heart.

It is the early bird that is poisoned by catching the worm that has eaten Paris-green.

Which is heavier, a half or full moon?—The half, because the full moon is as light again.

A prize acrobat says turning a double somersault is as easy as snoring. He does it in his sleep.

When does a son not take after his father?—When his father leaves him nothing to take.

A Western farm is spoken of as being so poor that not even a disturbance could be raised upon it.

Why is the easiest conundrum like the company earliest to arrive?—Because it is the first guessed (guest).

The only color that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. A blind man would know when he was feeling blue.

Visitor: "Have you a dumb-waiter in the house?" Lady of the house. "No; but we've got the dumbest hired girl you ever saw."

"Uncle Tom, I am very sorry to hear that you have lost your wife." "Neber mind, massa, neber mind. I'se had de 'sperience."

Chisley, just back from Europe: "Anything fresh since I left, old man?" Grimes: "No, Chisley; nothing fresh since you were here."

"You must have taken great pains with yourself," said a witty judge to a dull witness; "you could not naturally have been so stupid."

A wag has placed the following placard over his coal-bin: "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's relatives are in consternation and tears.

City consumer: "Mr. Jacobs, I found an eel in your milk can this morning." Milkman, unabashed: "Yes'm; wife thought you would enjoy a delicacy."

"Strike Out Like a Man," was the title of a poem that was sent to the editor, and he did; he struck out all but the first verse, like a man, and printed that.

"Mr. Darringer, that is rather a tough chicken. Do you intend to carve it?" "Certainly, my love." "Then won't you please carve it before you say grace?"

Dumley, trying to make himself solid: "What a remarkably strong, manly face your grandfather has, Miss Cash!" "Pardon me, Mr. Dumley, but that's grandma."

"A genteel carver," says a book on etiquette, "always sits when he carves." Carvers who get on the table and have a wrestling match with the chicken are known by some other name.

Hotel clerk, to guest from New Jersey: "Will you want a room with bath connected, sir?" N. J. G.: "N-no, I reckon not. I won't be in town more'n a couple o' weeks, an' besides I took a bath only a few days 'fore I left home."

Creditor: "When shall I call for the amount of my bill, Mr. Smith?" Debtor: "Oh, at any time. What time will best suit your convenience?" Creditor: "Well, I have less to do on Thursday than any other day of the week." Debtor: "Very well. Then you may call for the amount every Thursday."

"What shall we name baby, sister?" a mother asked of her little 4-year-old daughter. "Call her Early; that's a pretty name." "Early! that is not a little girl's name." "Oh, yes, it is. Don't you remember you read to me about a little girl who was to be the May Queen, and who wanted her mother to call her Early?"

"Nelly, dear," said a bashful lover to the little 6-year-old niece of the goddess of his affections, "will you give me your aunt? I will give you a new doll for her." "Oh, yes," cried the little one, clapping her hands in glee; "but hadn't you better give me two and take two of them?" The little fairy's answer overcame all restraint, and the happy day is fixed. Somehow Nelly is more spoiled than ever.

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Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

RAPID BOOT-MAKING.—The celebrated Chicago sausage machine has been eclipsed. In this machine the pig, it will be recollected, is said to enter at one end and, on the whisk of a handle, to emerge in sausages. The Vienna papers are making merry over a bet made by a celebrated shoemaker in that city. He undertook from a given calf to manufacture a pair of boots within twenty-four hours of the animal's death. The conditions were made and a committee was appointed to see that they were duly carried out. Large stakes were put into the hands of an impartial stakeholder.

Early in the morning of the appointed day a calf was killed in the presence of numerous witnesses. The skin was at the tannery at noon; it was properly tanned and turned over to one of the most skilful employees of the spirited shoemaker, and next morning it reappeared in the shape of a pair of boots, which were worn by the man who had owned the calf that carried the skin the day before. So many orders have flocked in as a result of the wide publicity given to this event, which veritably marks an epoch in the annals of the boot-and-shoe trade, that the worthy manufacturer contemplates erecting a slaughter-house on the premises, together with a small cowshed. He deserves every success.

HOW CELLULOID IS MADE.—Most celluloid is made in France, and this is the process of manufacture: A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and at the same time is saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into gun cotton. The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of the acid has been removed. It is then reduced to pulp and passes to the bleaching trough. It is this gun cotton which give its explosive nature.

Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with from twenty to forty per cent. of its weight in camphor, and the mixture thoroughly triturated under mill-stones. The necessary coloring having been added in the form of powder, a second mixture and grinding follows.

This pulp is spread out in thin slabs, which are squeezed in a hydraulic press until they are as dry as chips. Then they are rolled in heated rollers and come out in elastic sheets. They are from that point worked up into every conceivable form. You can get celluloid collars, cuffs, hairpins, shirt fronts, cravats, pen holders, brushes and combs, ink-stands, knife-handles, jewelry, and everything else almost that you can imagine.

He may be evil himself, who speaks good of others upon knowledge; but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.

$10 REAL VALUE **FREE!**

Our new stamping outfit is **free** to every reader of this publication; it contains **100** perforated stamping patterns and includes a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered heretofore, on which anything like so much artistic ability was brought to bear. With each outfit is a BOX OF BEST STAMPING POWDER, PAD, AND BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, tells how to make the **powder** and **stamping paint**, contains instructions for **Lustre, Kensington** and **Hand painting**, tells colors to use in painting—red, white, blue, yellow, pink and other flowers; also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few patterns at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost **$10.** Although it is **free**, yet this is the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits** and on every hand is acknowledged to be superior, yes, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those which have been selling for **$1** each and upwards. By having **200,000** of these outfits made for us, during the dull season, we get them at first cost; the manufacturer was glad to take the order, at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best, most artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Housekeeper (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of greatest interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, **Sunshine, for youth; also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered;** 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. Nowhere is known favorable as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors, it is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 50,000 **trial year** subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the **cost.**

FREE! Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive **free** by mail our new **100** pattern stamping outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, **32** cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, **55** cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, **$1.** For $1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send **1-cent** postage stamps. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While **trial year** subscribers are served for much **less than cost,** it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

FREE! The trial year subscriptions are almost **free,** and this the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits**—the best ever known—is entirely **free.** It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. **Large sizes** of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the **Regal Queen.** Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies *for Scarf*, 7 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1-2 inch; 3 Spherical Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Gaillies Rose, 4 inch; 5 Pearl Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. **70** other splendid patterns are included in this **Regal Queen** of stamping outfits—in all **100** patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider children' and ladies clothing in the most charming manner, and readily **make money** by doing stamping, Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the **Book of Instructions** makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be without it. The beautiful designs of this REGAL QUEEN of outfits ARE ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from **$1** to **$2** for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have scanned our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address,

GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 387 PORTLAND, MAINE.

HINTS ABOUT HORSES.—Bad driving will often injure a horse fatally in a few miles, while skilful driving would make the journey in less time if full of food and water; but, after the muscles are limbered and the system emptied, increase the speed. Then check up and let the horse cool before stopping, and there will be less danger of taking cold and of stiff muscles, and less necessity for rubbing down.

Drive slowly up hill and down, and make good time on level ground and on moderate descents. Never keep the same gait and speed for a long time, for a change of gait is equivalent to a rest.

Never ride a horse without first making his acquaintance and securing his goodwill. Go to his head, speak kindly, pat him, look in his eyes. Whether you are a friend or foe he will judge by your voice, your eyes, and your breath.

Horses judge a man as quickly as a man does a horse. Feed and water abundantly at night after work and the animal has had time to rest and cool.

Feed moderately in the morning or before work. Persians and Arabs prepare their horses for hard drives by fasting rather than feasting.

More horses are injured by hard driving on a full stomach than by any other process. Never let a horse eat or drink much when he is hot from work. Study your horse, treat him according to his nature, make him your friend, and he will do better and safer work.

THE CHINESE ALMANAC.—The value which the Chinese attach to their almanac is shown in many ways. Recently the Chinese residents at Lhassa, in Thibet, implored the Emperor to cause arrangements to be made which would enable them to receive their copies of the almanac at the earliest possible date in each year. A recent writer says that "the most important book to the Chinese is the almanac. Its space is far too important to be occupied with the matter which fills Western almanacs. It contains astronomical information which is useful; but its great mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of every-day life. And as every act of life, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which, and the direction (i. e., the point of the compass) towards which it is done, it is of the utmost importance that every one should have correct information available at all times to enable him to so order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity and secure good luck and prosperity. Consequently the almanac is perhaps the most universally circulated book in China. It is issued by the Government and the sale of all almanacs but the authorized one is prohibited.

ANOTHER CASE OF INJUSTICE.—Sambo was up again before the magistrate.

"What brings you here this time?" asked his worship.

"De p'liceman, sah; de same what brung me heah last time."

"I mean what did you do?"

"I was just passin' a shop when I struck my head agin' a ham what was hanging by de door. I tuk de ham down to put it somewhere whar it would be safe from folks bustin' dar brains out agin' it, when de fust I knowed a p'liceman tried to get de ham away from me, and because I wouldn't let the ham go he jess brung me along too."

One of the most unreasonable things in friendship is to be angry with a friend because he is not angry with a man you are angry with. There are people who actually feel pain while hating, and they should never be asked to hate.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

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EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving pain* instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the best DISINFECTANT known.

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BLACK HILLS MINERAL ROCKS.—On receipt of 50 cents I will send by mail, postpaid, 10 beautiful specimens of Black Hills Mineral Rocks, such as Tin, Gold, Silver, Copper, Mica, Agates, Rubies, etc., of good size.
Address, JAMES LUNGER,
Custer City, Custer County, Dakota Ter.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 30, 1888.

A postal card request will bring our new Spring and Summer catalogue: a great aid in ordering goods.

Only a glance among Dress Goods:

SCOTCH ZEPHYR GINGHAMS. THIS SEASON'S PATTERNS and every yard new, *but the price is only 37½c. from 50.*

30-in. wide-striped and plaided Scotch Ginghams at 25c. Imported to sell at 40c, and worth it.

Outing Flannel, almost as thin and light as ballate. Soft, delicate, but sturdy as some of their double-the-weight sisters. Clinging but cool. For seashore or mountain or anywhere. Ask for Ceylon Flannel.

Llama stripes, plain and fancy, reduced from 50 to 65c.

Corded stripes, down from 50 to 37½c.

Silk striped Suiting Flannel, 40 from 65c.

Plain and striped Fancy Flannels, 37½c from 50.

Figured Eider-down Flannel, 75c from $1, and 37½c from 50.

TRAVELING BAGS. EVERY KIND THAT SHOULD BE here. Hundreds at a glance. No two alike. Little and big.

"Telescope" half slips into half. Muslin-lined, linen covered, 12 to 24 in., 50c to $2. The one for least.

Brown leather, Japanned frame, muslin-lined, $3.25 to $6.50.

English frame, hand-sewed, leather lined, best quality trimming, $8.25 to $12.

Finest quality alligator, one piece sewed frame, $7.50 to $12.50.

Enough to give you a notion of prices.

McIntoshes, wallet-shaped, waterproof, $4.50 to $11.

ABOUT 600 MEN'S SCARFS. 50 AND 75 CENT TECKS for 25 cents. Newest shapes, with solid bands. Made by one of the best manufacturers in New York. He made too many. You save a half by his mischance.

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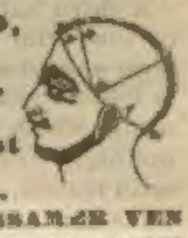

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Mrs. N. B. De Saussure, for five years Assistant to the Lady Principal at Vassar College, will open the house No. 171 Joralemon Street, for the benefit of young ladies wishing to attend the sessions of the Packer Collegiate Institute, on or after September 15th, 1887.

In addition to the most approved sanitary conditions, and all modern improvements in heating and ventilation, the house presents superior advantages of location, being directly opposite the Institute, and within a few minutes walk of the Academy of Music, Historical Society Hall, the Mercantile Library, and leading churches of all denominations.

All household arrangements will be specially adapted to the maintenance of a quiet, orderly home life, and the furtherance of such arrangements as parents may desire to make for securing to their daughters the musical and literary advantages of the city.

Mr. H. E. Arnold, the well known pianist, will conduct the musical education of the young ladies, where no other preference exists.

Terms, $500 per year, for board and tuition in any class of the Packer Institute; payable, $200 at the opening of the year, and $300 in the following March. No deductions will be made for absence from any other cause than protracted illness.

Music, practice periods, sittings in church and expenses of laundry, involve extra charges, which will in no case exceed cost. Sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes furnished by each scholar.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The greatest novelties in chapeaux are to be found in hats, for there is more alteration in the shape of these than in the form of capotes, and new styles of arranging the trimmings have also been adopted.

The newest hats have very low, flat, round crowns, with straight brims, extremely wide in front, but narrow, or ceasing altogether, at the back.

In some models the edge of the brim is turned up all round, but in the majority the brim stretches out in front, although the back is fluted, curved, or waved in some quaint fashion.

In a few hats the lining of the brim is of velvet, laid on flat, but bouillonne net or lace, pleated, tulle, or soft silk, arranged in vague folds round the inside of the brim, are newer, as they are also prettier and lighter for summer chapeaux.

Another novelty worth noticing is the addition of narrow ribbon strings, coming from the back and loosely tied under the chin. These are purely ornamental and are only adopted with hats for dressy occasions, such as the following.

The first and simplest is of very fine black straw, with the brim lined with black velvet. The trimming consists entirely of black feathers, a plume of ostrich tips is placed in front, and a long feather curls round the crown on the right side. The strings are of very narrow black moire ribbon, tied in a little bow below the chin.

A lighter and more summerlike model is of black fancy straw, with the brim slightly turned up at the edge all round and lined with a bouillonne of figured net, which is arranged to form a kind of frame round the face. Folds of the net are placed round the crown, and a coquille of black lace in front, sprays of pink moss rose-buds and foliage appearing amongst the light folds. The strings are of green satin ribbon, a few small loops of which are mingled with the roses.

A third hat is of leghorn straw; the front of the brim is unlined, but ornamented with a band of fine straw braid; the back is folded up against the crown. The trimming, which is arranged in front, but is not high, consists of bows of straw-colored satin ribbon, and a long spray of moss rose-buds and foliage; a coquettish little bow and tiny spray nestle under the brim in front, and the strings are of satin ribbon to match.

Capotes of cream faille are new and fashionable; the crown is covered with a pleated drapery that rises in a tall fluted pleating behind and above the brim, this last consisting of two graduated bouillonnes of faille, wide at the top, but very narrow at the ears, and bordered and divided from each other by a narrow gold and silver braid edged with pearls. A plume of feather tips on the left side, strings of cream satin ribbon, and a little bow to match under the brim complete the trimming.

Very novel, too, are the capotes of plaited braid, especially those in mastic and gold, with a brim formed of a band of peacocks' feathers, and an aigrette bow of fancy ribbon rising from the back of the crown.

Mantles and visites are made very short at the back and sides, so that no part of the skirt of the dress is hidden, except the very small portion of the front covered by the mantel ends.

Some of the new models are made to fit the figure as closely as jackets, their only resemblence to mantels residing in the long pointed ends in front and in the sleeves, which, although like a jacket in front, are joined to the back of the vetement like mantle sleeves.

Some very elegant visites have open Juive sleeves, with puffed sleeves of lace underneath them, corresponding in style with the long pleated lace mantelets in front.

Novelty is also given by such additions as flat pointed basques at the sides, pleated basques kept in place by heavy applique bead ornaments, pleated fronts mounted under a passementerie yoke, and terminating in a point at the waist under a band to match, and by rich passementerie of all descriptions, such as yokes, epaulets, large motifs for the square ends, or stole fronts fringed at the ends and formed entirely of bead embroidery or beaded passementerie.

Large and small blocks of cut jet are introduced with good effect in these ornaments.

Brandenburghs, passementerie fringes, and lace may also be reckoned amongst fashionable mantel trimmings, and the materials chiefly employed are velvet and various kinds of thick ribbed silks.

Later in the season these will be followed by crossed fichus, small mantillas with half pelerine sleeves, and coquettish little vetements in jacket form with loose sleeves to the elbow, and long mantelet ends of pleated lace passed under a band at the waist.

Some houses are also showing admirable models of long cloaks, chiefly in redingote form, with pockets and cord girdles, or else neatly fitting mantles made of fancy cloth, finished off with a pleated or gathered pelerine and a straight velvet collar.

In costumes for the promenade, although many styles are worn, none is so thoroughly stylish and ladylike as the redingote of woolen material, usually a light kind of cloth, over a skirt of another material.

Velvet is much used for this purpose, but many of the new pekins in wide stripes especially moire and satin pekins, plain and striped failles, and other fabrics are also employed.

Sometimes the narrow tablier and plastron differ altogether from the remainder of the toilette, as in a custom of Danube-blue cloth and silk; in this model the tablier and small plastron are covered with flat flounces of silver-colored silk, cut out in deep leaf-shaped scallops, laid on closely one above the other, like scales.

The cloth redingote opens in front over a waistcoat embroidered in silver, and finished off with a rolled collar and revers to match.

The skirt of the redingote is cut in panels at the sides, with bands of cloth embroidered with silver showing between the panels; the back falls in long full pleats.

Embroidery of some kind is scarcely ever absent from the best models of walking and visiting costumes; the richest specimens are in shades of silk mingled with gold, silver and tinsel threads, while less elaborate embroideries consist of velvet appliques outlined and otherwise enriched with gold or silver.

In this last style a costum of lichen-green velvet and cloth is worth noting. The velvet skirt is quite plain; the redingote, which is slightly draped, and therefore somewhat like a polonaise, is draped from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, and then falls below the velvet waistband in a long square tablier in pinked-out edges.

The left side of the corsage is flat and covered with a beautiful velvet applique design enriched with silver thread.

On the left side of the skirt is a long pointed panel, draped at the top, and the front part turned back with an embroidered revers. The right side is ornamented with a similar revers where it joins the puffed back drapery.

A still more beautiful dress, better fitted for a reception toilette than for walking, is of moss-green velvet and sicilienne in a rather lighter shade. The velvet skirt is bordered with a deep embroidered design, in which shades of red and green silk are harmoniously blended with gold thread. The polonaise, like that of the last dress mentioned, is draped from the right shoulder to the left hip, but passes over the band at the waist, the pleats draping the long rounded tablier alone being fixed under the band.

From this point two long sash ends of sicilienne, richly embroidered and fringed with silk and gold beads, fall nearly to the edge of the skirt. On the right side and at the back the long polonaise is gracefully caught up to show the edge of the embroidered skirt at intervals. The left side of the corsage and the back are of velvet, with a deep collar or yoke of embroidery and upright collar to match; the sleeves are also of velvet, with embroidery at the wrist and draped over sleeves of sicilienne to the elbow, on the outside of the arm.

Odds and Ends.

CANDY MAKING.

Though cooking in general may not be regarded with much favor by the average schoolgirl, she is always anxious to learn how to make candy, and hails a new receipt as a boon.

The following receipts for peanut candy, butter scotch, and molasses candy were obtained from a friend who makes the best home-made candy it has ever been our good fortune to taste, and, as she recommends them, we may rely upon their being excellent. We give them, with her comments, just as she wrote them.

Delicious Peanut Candy.—Shell your peanuts and chop them fine; measure them in a cup, and take just the same quantity of granulated sugar as you have peanuts. Put the sugar in a skillet, or spider, on the fire, and keep moving the skillet around until the sugar dissolves; then put in the peanuts and pour into buttered tins. This is *delicious* and *so* quickly made.

Butter Scotch.—Two cups of brown sugar, half cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil until it hardens when dropped into cold water, then pour into buttered tins.

Molasses Candy.—Two cups of brown sugar, half-cup of New Orleans molasses, two-thirds cup of vinegar and water mixed, a piece of butter half the size of an egg. When the candy hardens in cold water, pour into shallow buttered tins, and as soon as it is cool enough to handle, pull it until it is of a straw-color.

Chocolate Creams.—To the white of one egg add an equal quantity of cold water. Stir in one pound of confectioner's sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Stir until fine and smooth; then mold into balls and drop into melted chocolate.

To melt the chocolate, scrape and put it in a tin cup or small saucepan over a kettle where it will steam. Let the chocolate be melted while the cream is being prepared.

Walnut Creams.—Make the cream as for chocolate drops and mold into larger balls. Place the half of an English walnut on either side and press into the cream

The cream prepared in this way we have found, can be used for various kind of candy.

Small pieces of fruit of any kind and nuts can be enclosed into the cream, making a great variety. Chocolate may be mixed with it; and if strong, clear coffee is used in the place of water, the candy will have the coffee flavor and color which some people like.

Walnut and Fruit Glace.—Put one cup of sugar and a half a cup of water in a saucepan and stir until the sugar is all dissolved; then place it over the fire and let it boil until it hardens and is quite crisp when dropped in cold water. Do not stir it after it is put on the fire. When cooked sufficiently, dip out a spoonful at a time and drop in buttered tins, leaving a space of an inch or so between each spoonful. Place on each piece of candy the half of a walnut, or the fruit which has previously been prepared, and pour over them enough candy to cover them, always keeping each piece separate.

Any kind of fruit can be made into glace. When using oranges, quater them and remove the seeds. Strawberries, in their season and peaches also make delicious glace.

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Strawberries and Cream.—In summer time strawberries and cream are sure to meet with general approval. The fruit is usually stalked, piled on a deep dish sprinkled with sugar, and whipped cream laid over, but a better plan is to place five or six of the strawberries, in jelly or custard glasses; add a little powdered sugar, and fill the glasses with cream.

Most people like creams, if really well made; but, generally speaking, they leave much to be desired, being concocted of milk and a little flavoring. Unless cream alone can be used, it is best to leave them alone. Strawberry cream is very easy to make. Pass about half a pot of strawberry jam, or 1 lb. of fresh strawberries, through a sieve, whip a pint of cream, add the strawberry juice, sweeten if necessary, dissolve ½oz. of isinglass in a little milk, mix with it, stir well together, turn into a mould, and let it set. In warm weather it will require ice. Macedoine cream is delicious, and is made by ading the contents of a tin of Macedoine fruits, cut up finely to one pint of whipped cream; sweeten it, add ½oz of isinglass dissolved in a little milk. Rice cream is particularly good. Boil a tablespoonful of rice in rather more than half a pint of milk until quite soft, turn it into a mortar and pound it so that no whole grains are visible; put it in a basin, whip half a pint of cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla, add ½oz of isinglass dissolved in a teacupful of milk, beat up with the rice, and pour into a mould; some whipped cream slightly colored with cochineal, and placed in tiny heaps round it when turned out of the mold, makes a pretty dish.

ART can now provide a remedy for any defect. A young lady lost one of her eyes through disease and unskillful medical treatment, and became so unsightly an object that her most intimate friends shrank from her. The trouble was overcome in this manner: the lady was supplied with a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles with side lights. In front of the ulcerated socket was an artificial pupil, colored like a natural eye, and attached to the edge of the spectacle frame, in a small slide, that would admit of a lateral motion, and also enable it to be removed for cleaning. The combination was then framed in a flesh colored painting representing the eyelids with drooping lashes. This would not succeed in passing muster were it not for the side light, which shut off the view behind the lenses, but the invention is a success.

Confidential Correspondents.

G. L. P.—Optimism is the doctrine that whatever is is right; that everything which happens is for the best.

JOHN J.—The groom should not pay for the wedding cards. If the family of the bride cannot pay for them, there should be no cards.

PESTERED.—Touch the warts carefully with a small camel's hair brush dipped in muriatic acid. Cleanliness is the best cure for any skin disease.

H. M. T.—Rainbows are caused by drops of rain, acting as a number of lenses or prisms, decomposing the rays of light into their component colors or spectra.

TEMPO.—The present Emperor of Germany is in his 87th year. He married in 1858 the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, of England, and they have had six children.

BARRETT.—"Red tape" is official formality, so called because lawyers and Government officials tie their papers together with red tape. Charles Dickens introduced the phrase.

G. O. P.—"Renard" is the French for a fox, and "Bruin" is the Danish for the color brown, and it has been applied to a bear in reference to its ordinary color. It is also old "High German."

B. L.—The meaning of the expression "pairing," in the Congressional sense, is that a member on one side, who wishes to be absent from a vote, or a series of votes, enters into arrangement with a member on the other side, by which they agree to take no part in the vote or votes.

ZOO.—"Pachydermatous" means thick-skinned; the "ch" is sounded hard, like "k," and the accent is on the third syllable. Formerly the Pachydermata constituted an order of the class Mammalia, and included animals so diverse as the elephant, the horse, and the dog; but it is now merged in other orders.

NORAH.—When an engagement has been broken off, the ring, and any other presents that have passed between the two, are returned to their respective givers; unless, as happens occasionally, the gentleman, whose gifts are generally of the greater value, asks the lady to accept them as a souvenir of friendship.

LETTER M. — The period commonly known as the "Dark Ages" embraces the first six centuries of the Middle Ages—that is, from the close of the fifth to the close of the eleventh centuries. The Middle Ages comprise the one thousand years commencing with the close of the fifth and ending with the close of the fifteenth centuries.

SUE. — The "Ranz-des-vaches" is the name of a simple melody played by the Swiss mountain shepherds when calling together the cattle. It literally means the ranks or rows of cows, the name being given from the fact that the cattle, when answering the musical call of their keeper, move towards him in a row. The instrument used is a long trumpet commonly known as the Alpine horn.

BATH.—Chloride of antimony is generally used for browning gun barrels; and because it is so good in its operation, it is often called bronzing salt. Mix it, until it becomes of a creamy consistency, with olive oil; slightly heat the barrel, and then coat its surface evenly with the mixture. The operation can be continued until the degree of browning requisite is gained. The process is greatly helped if a little nitric acid is added to the paste of chloride of antimony and olive oil.

SHRIMPS.—Climate affects the color of the human race. The coloring matter which is designed as a preservative of the skin under burning and blistering tropical sunshine, is no longer requisite here, and is produced in diminished quantity. Nature does much unaided by art, when a human creature is reduced to extremity; and so it has been found that, when lost in uncivilized countries, and unable to procure clothing, a thick coating of hair has been known to grow all over the body as a protection from cold, and from the stings and persecution of flies and other insects. No proof exists to support the fanciful theory that the three sons of Noah varied respectively in the color of their skin or the type and character of their features and hair.

BORLAK.—That the sun is not a stationary body, but in rapid motion, is now generally accepted by all modern astronomers. Sir William Herschel was the first to discover—that which has since been confirmed beyond contradiction—that the sun and all the planets which circulate round it are moving bodily in space; not only this, but the direction and velocity with which that movement is performed. He has shown that the sun and his system are now rapidly moving towards the constellation of Hercules. It has been calculated that every day the solar system accomplishes a stage of about 500,000 miles, and that this would have to be continued for more than a million years before it reaches that part of the heavens within the constellation of Hercules.

TALIONIS.—Eclipses are caused by the positions of the earth and moon with respect to each other and to the sun. An eclipse of the sun takes place when the moon is between the sun and the earth; and an eclipse of the moon is the result of the earth being between the sun and moon. In other terms the shadow of the earth cast upon the moon causes a lunar eclipse, and that of the moon upon the earth causes a solar eclipse. This can be very well illustrated by making a miniature orrery with two balls and a lamp. If one ball be smaller than the other and made to represent the moon by revolving round the larger one a few inches from it, you will be better able to understand by watching the shadows cast by each ball in succession how eclipses are brought about.

DISTRESS.—The trouble of which you find the inconvenience, may not arise from failure of memory, but from allowing your thoughts to wander from the subject which should claim your undivided attention. You lack the power of concentration: that is, you have utterly neglected its due cultivation. As a little child your teachers have failed to insist on your giving your whole attention to your lessons, reading, or work of any kind; thus the bad habit has grown upon you; so that you can never do anything well that you attempt to do. If not such a case as we describe, and that your brain has been injured by over-study and severe competitive exams, you should have perfect rest, change of air, much sleep, and as much outdoor recreation as you can enjoy without fatigue.